

YANKEE DOODLE

STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

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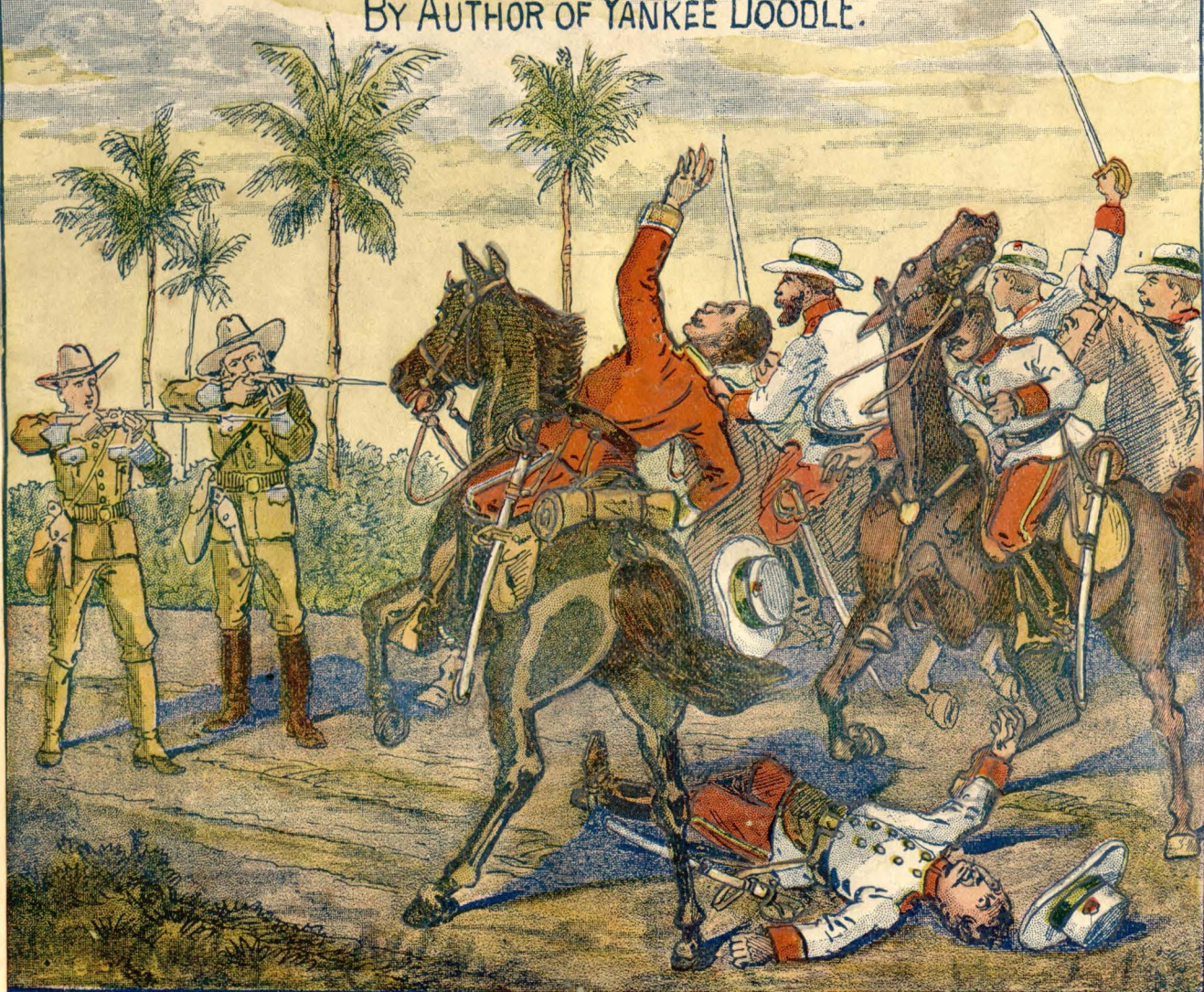
Price 5 Cents.

YANKEE DOODLE AND HIS DOUBLE;

— OR —

AFTER A SPANISH SPY.

BY AUTHOR OF YANKEE DOODLE.



“Lord, pard,” exclaimed Turner, “I can’t resist the temptation,” and he halted in the middle of the road and began firing. He fired with startling rapidity, and at each shot a cavalryman tumbled out of his saddle.

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CHAPTER I.

YANKEE DOODLE AND THE ROUGH RIDER.

THE war for the liberation of Cuba from the dominion of Spain, was productive of many heroes. Some who held high positions in the army, will go down in history alongside of the brightest names in the annals of America; yet there were hundreds equally deserving, who received but faint mention of the brave deeds performed and great sufferings endured.

Where so many were deserving of praise, it seemsvidious to particularize; but it is the duty of the writers of history to portray in living words the brave deeds of those who wear no shoulder straps. There were many of those in the Cuban campaign, but none more deserving of praise or of being placed upon record than Phil Freeman, a young drummer boy of New York regiment, who, by his daring deeds and remarkable performances on the snare drum, earned in the soubriquet of "Yankee Doodle."

He was a youth of eighteen, of sturdy, compact build that denoted an iron constitution. His eyes were of a clear blue, and his cheeks had the ruddy glow that told of splendid health and indomitable spirit.

On several occasions he had led charges in battle with his drum, and the men followed him with a wild, impetuous enthusiasm, paying little or no regard to the orders of their officers. The commander of his regiment had commended him so highly to the general of the brigade, that the latter had employed him several times in work that was not only dangerous, but required nerve, coolness and indomitable courage. It was while employed in secret work that he earned reputation throughout the entire army, and so frequently had his deeds been mentioned by army correspondents that his name had become familiar to

the people back in the States, almost as much so as that of the general in command of the army.

After the battle of Quasimas, Yankee Doodle advanced so far over the hills in the direction of the city of Santiago de Cuba that he found himself inside the enemy's lines, and it was only by the utmost caution that he escaped discovery. He spent half a day and the greater part of the night so close to several parties of Spaniards that he could hear them talking and discussing the situation. He listened particularly to the conversation of two Spanish officers, and learned that at daylight a heavy column of Spanish soldiers were to be hurled against the right of Wheeler's line. He even heard the superior officer give orders to the other to have a certain regiment held in readiness to move at daylight in the direction of the right wing of the American line.

No sooner had he become possessed of that information than he at once proceeded to make his escape back to his own lines, for the purpose of placing the American commander in possession of it. He managed to get through, after two shots had been fired at him on the picket line, and as soon as the American pickets were reached he made himself known to them, and begged them to take him to General Wheeler's headquarters with all possible speed.

The general was found asleep in his tent and the guard hesitated to awake him.

"We must call him up," said Yankee Doodle, "for it is absolutely necessary that he should be in possession of the information I have brought at once," but instead of that, they called up one of the general's staff officers, who, as soon as he heard Yankee Doodle's story, promptly called up the general himself. The news electrified the old warrior, and in less than five minutes after he was in possession of it, couriers were

flying to the different regiments, several of whom were forced to shift positions without a moment's delay.

When daylight came the Spanish columns were set in motion, but before they had reached the position whence the attack was to be made, their scouts told the Spanish leaders that the entire right wing of the American army was in line of battle, waiting for them. They knew well enough it would not do to run up against the Americans when they were prepared for them, so they returned to their former position without firing a shot.

The Spanish general ordered a most rigid investigation to find out how the news of their contemplated attack had leaked out. Of course the investigation came to naught, and not until they read this account of the occurrences of that night, should it ever be translated into Spanish, will they ever know how the American general happened to be ready to receive them on that morning.

About noon General Wheeler sent for Yankee Doodle, and when the latter appeared he grasped his hand, shook it warmly and said :

"I want to thank you, my boy, in the name of the whole army, for the splendid service you rendered us last night."

"Thank you, general," he replied, "I knew it was important as soon as I got hold of it, but for a time it looked as though I wouldn't be able to reach you ahead of them, but as good luck would have it, I did."

"It was good luck," said the general, "and it was a most fortunate thing indeed, as they might have been too strong for us at that point. As we were ready for them, however, I am extremely sorry that they didn't make the attack. I am satisfied that they intend to try it over again, and as our line is so thin on account of being drawn out to such a length, it is extremely difficult for us to be prepared for them at every point. If you can keep your eye on them as well as you did last night, you can render more service to the cause than a signal victory of our arms would be to the glory of the flag."

"I'll do my best, general," he replied.

"That's all one can do, and whatever assistance you need let me know and you shall have it."

Yankee Doodle then left headquarters and went over to the Rough Riders, where he had several friends with whom he had passed through some desperate adventures. They were always glad to see him, and old cowboys who had spent half a score of years fighting Indians, rounding up cattle and sleeping out under the stars on the boundless plains, were glad to sit around the camp-fire and swap stories with him.

There was a breeziness about the Westerners that the New York drummer boy greatly admired, and he was never tired of listening to their stories of adventure. They recognized in him a spirit similar to their own, a fondness for danger and adventure that took away all fear of consequences.

He found the Rough Riders very much disappointed over the failure of the Spaniards to attack that morning, for they were spoiling for another set-to with them.

"Oh, you can hold me responsible for that," said he to a party of cowboys.

"Why, how's that?" one of them asked, and told him how his information conveyed to General Wheeler had caused the latter to shift several regiments so as to be ready to meet the Spaniards.

"Suffering Moses!" exclaimed the cowboy, "they would have struck us right square in our front, and we would have had the most glorious ruction the world ever saw. Pard, you spoiled our fun."

"Oh, I guess not," laughed Yankee Doodle; "they simply spoiled your funeral, for they would have piled in on top of you and wiped out the last one of you."

"What do you take us for?" the cowboy asked. "rabbits?"

"No, I take you for the best soldiers in the American army. Those Spaniards are good soldiers, too, and when they come at you nearly ten to one, you might lick 'em, but there'd be darned few of you left to tell the story."

"Don't you believe it," returned the cowboy, "they would have wiped them out so quick, they would have thought it was done by a stroke of lightning."

"The general doesn't think so," laughed Yankee Doodle, "as he sent for me this morning and thanked me for my timely warning."

"Well, that's all right," said the cowboy, "but you spoiled our fun all the same."

"Oh, well, you fellows have such a grim humor about you, that you are willing to die just to laugh at the other fellows kicking as they pass in the chips."

"Why, pard," said the other, "you call that grim humor? It's the best practical joke in the world."

"Maybe it is, but I for one wouldn't enjoy it," returned Yankee Doodle.

"Oh, that's because you've never seen it played. A would be just the greatest fun in the world to me, to have ten Spaniards jump on me, thinking that they were going to wipe me out. I'd draw both revolvers and wade in, lay out the whole gang, even after they got two or three bullets clear through me. Do you think I wouldn't have the laugh on those fellows, even though I died before they did? Why, they'd be badly fooled that they would die with shame, even with the slightest wound."

"That's what you call humor, is it?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Of course it is; wouldn't the joke be on them and wouldn't I die happy?"

Yankee Doodle laughed heartily and declared that it was a species of practical joking that he didn't care to have any hand in. Said he :

"You're the kind of fellow who plays practical jokes on the life insurance companies."

"How's that?" the cowboy asked. "That's a joke I haven't got on to."

"What?" laughed Yankee Doodle, "you never heard of that?"

"No, what is it?"

"Why, they insure their lives for a few thousand dollars, and then blow their brains out, just to make the company pay the money."

"Suffering Moses!" exclaimed the cowboy, "that's a new wrinkle. I never heard of it before; but what good does the money do the joker?"

"Oh, he get's a good funeral and let's some of his friends enjoy the money."

"Well! Well! Well!" ejaculated the Westerner, "I'll remember that the next time a life insurance galoot tackles me."

"Why, pard," said another one of the Rough Riders, "I had one of them galoots tackle me last year when I was in Denver, and it took him 'bout an hour to explain the game to me; it beat all the games I ever run up against. You can win it every time, but you've got to die to do it. It's a stiff game, but I don't want to play it until I get so run down that I'm ready to pass in my chips and take a rest."

At that moment the speaker's hat flew off his head and fell on the ground some five or six feet from him. One of his comrade's picked it up and tossed it back to him. He looked at it very carefully and stuck his finger through a bullet hole, eying it with a cool complacency that caused Yankee Doodle to remark that some Spaniard was trying to put up a little joke on him.

"Yes," said he, "but it's a dead failure," and he looked off in the direction of the hill, more than half a mile away, from which the Mauser bullet came, and let out a string of contemptuous expressions for the man who fired the shot that would have him die with shame had he been able to hear them. Then he replaced the hat on his head, bit off a chew of tobacco, and quietly went on with the conversation, as though the incident was unworthy of further thought.

Of such spirit was the entire body of Rough Riders. A few minutes later another bullet was heard to whistle some ten feet above their heads, and the entire party looked over towards the hill where some Spanish sharpshooters were evidently concealed in the bushes. The smokeless powder which the Spaniards used gave them a decided advantage, in that their location was not revealed when they fired their rifles.

"Boys," said one of the Rough Riders, "a man who would hide himself to shoot at another when he has smokeless powder ought to be hung up by the heels and left for the buzzards to eat."

"Why not go over there after him?" Yankee Doodle asked of the man whose hat had been perforated.

"I would if the colonel would let me," he replied.

"I guess I can get permission for you," said Yankee Doodle, "as I am going out again over in that direction."

"Say, pard," said the cowboy quickly, "if you love me do it."

"All right, I'll go and see the colonel," and he turned away and went to the headquarters of the regiment, where he found Colonel Wood and told him of the mission on which he was going at the request of General Wheeler.

"I want to get one of your Rough Riders to go with me, colonel, because they understand all about trailing and fighting in the bushes, and are not afraid of anything in the shape of a man."

"All right," said the colonel. "Who do you want to go with you?"

"I'd like to get Bill Turner, of Company F."

"All right, I'll give you a note to the captain, requesting him to let Turner go with you. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Yes, colonel, I would like to have a couple of Mauser rifles and a belt full of Mauser cartridges, out of the lot you captured at Quasimas."

"All right, you can have them."

"Thank you," said Yankee Doodle, saluting, and a little later he went in search of the captain of Company F, to whom he gave the note he had received from the colonel. The captain sent for Turner, a man nearly forty years of age, who had lived all his life away out on the borders of Arizona and New Mexico.

When the captain told him that he was to accompany Yankee Doodle Turner was overjoyed, for he anticipated adventures on the trip that would break in to the monotony he had endured ever since the last fight.

"Now, see here, Turner," said Yankee Doodle, "we've got to fight the Spaniards with their own weapons."

"How's that?" Turner asked.

"Why, we must each take a Mauser and Mauser cartridges."

"Oh, that's all right; with one of those guns I can hold my hand against a whole company of them."

"Here's another thing," said Yankee Doodle, "you're old enough to be my dad, and you were probably fighting Indians before I was born; but all the same I must be the captain of this expedition, or we don't go."

"Oh, that's all right, cap'en, I'll do anything you say except to run from the sneaking cusses."

"Oh, as for that matter, I'll not say run unless there is good reason for it. You must recollect that we are not going out for the purpose of picking up fights. We are to watch the enemy and let the general know what they are up to, but if they jump on us of course we'll fight as long as there is a cartridge in our belts."

"All right, pard, I'm with you."

CHAPTER II.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY—"I'M JUST BEGINNING TO FEEL HAPPY!"

AFTER they received their Mauser rifles and a couple of belts filled with Mauser cartridges, Yankee Doodle and Turner retired to the rear of the American

lines, and veered around till they had passed the right wing, after which they started up through a valley that lay between the two hills from which the two armies were grimly surveying each other. The underbrush in many places was so thick they were unable to travel several hundred yards at a time without exposing themselves to the sharpshooters, who were concealed on the hillside, high up in the trees.

Yankee Doodle carried with him in a small leather case, which was suspended from a strap passing over his shoulder, a field glass, and frequently he would stop at convenient spots and quietly survey the wooded hillside occupied by the enemy, whilst Turner would sit down under the bushes and wait until he was ready to move forward again. The third time they made a stop, Yankee Doodle, after using his field glass for a few minutes, called to Turner, in a low tone of voice:

"Say, Turner, here's a chance for you!"

"What is it?" the other asked.

"It's a Spanish sharpshooter up in a tree."

"Oh, let me get a glimpse of him!" exclaimed Turner, quickly ranging alongside of Yankee Doodle.

"Well, don't shake the bushes too much. He's a good way off and you'll have to use the glass to get a sight of him. He must be some six hundred yards away, which is more than a quarter of a mile. You see that big tree with a dead limb in the top of it, right out that way?" and he pointed his Mauser in the direction of the hill.

"Yes," said Turner.

"Well, he is in that tree about one third of the way down from the top. He is standing on one limb leaning against another, and you can see his head and shoulders plainly through an opening in the foliage."

"Why, pard," said Turner, "I see him as plain as I can see you."

The Westerner's eyesight was as acute as an eagle's.

"Can you bring him down?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Can a duck swim?" answered Turner, quietly raising the Mauser to his shoulder, aiming and firing. They saw the Spaniard drop from his perch.

"I gave it to him right in the neck," said Turner.

"That was a good shot," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"I never make any bad ones, pard; but hold on, I see another one."

"Where?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"In the same tree," and again the Mauser cracked, and another Spaniard went tumbling down to the foot of the tree.

"That got him," said Yankee Doodle, who had raised the field glass to his eyes just in time to see the effect of the shot; "and by George, there's another one!" he continued, as he gazed at the tree, "just a little to the right of the last one."

"I see him, pard," quietly returned Turner, "and he is my garlic eater."

He fired, and the third time they saw the limbs of that side of the tree shake violently as the body of the Spaniard struck them in its descent.

"Say, pard," chuckled the old Westerner. "I'm just beginning to feel happy, and if we can find a few more of them, you'll hear me cooing like a turtledove."

"Well, don't begin cooing too soon; let's move a little further and maybe we'll have a chance to drop a few more of them."

"Hold on! Hold on!" said Turner, quickly; "wait a moment. I see one of them sneaking down a tree, and he held his Mauser in his hands whilst eagerly watching the tree high up on the hillside."

"The blamed cuss," he added, "has got around the other side of the tree, and I'm afraid he'll slip down before I can get a chance at him." Suddenly he straightened up, aimed and fired so quickly as to cause Yankee Doodle to give a start.

"I got him!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a chuckle, "but I reckon I didn't kill him; couldn't see enough of him, but I made him let go and drop."

"Say, Turner," said Yankee Doodle, "this looks like murder, doesn't it?"

"Murder be blowed! There is no such thing as murder in time of war. We soldiers are sent out here to kill every Spaniard we find with arms in his hands, and if you go to weakening I'll charge you with treason to the flag, and have you court-martialed and shot."

"That's all right, old man, when you see me weakening just turn your Mauser on me and make a neat little hole right through me."

"All right, pard, I'll do it."

They stood there some ten minutes longer, scanning the tree from which they had dropped four Spaniards, to see if there were any more remaining. Finally Yankee Doodle remarked:

"I guess there's no more fruit on that tree."

"Then come ahead, pard, and we'll hunt for more."

They went along up under the bushes as cautiously as a couple of Indians creeping upon a foe. They had advanced probably a quarter of a mile when they suddenly ran into a party of five Spaniards who were coming in their direction. They were within ten feet of each other before they were aware of their proximity? The Spaniards straightened up in their astonishment and were about to fire, when Turner raised his Mauser and shot the foremost one in the breast. Another who was standing right behind him fell with him. He had strung two on one bullet. Yankee Doodle fired almost at the same time and dropped another, by which time the two remaining Spaniards had each gotten in a shot, and their aim was so close that Yankee Doodle's left cheek was scorched by a bullet, whilst Turner's hat was knocked from his head.

The next moment the cowboy dropped one and Yankee Doodle the other.

"Are you hurt, pard?" Turner asked Yankee Doodle.

"No; just a slight burn on the cheek; how is it with you?"

"Got two more holes in my hat. The cusses must aim at a feller's head."

"Blessed if I don't get a cowboy's hat," laughed Yankee Doodle, "as they seem to catch the bullets and keep 'em off a man's head."

"Don't do it, pard," said Turner. "They seem to draw the fire of the yellow galoots," and Turner walked over and looked at the two Spaniards whom he had killed with one shot.

"Pard," said he, "it's the first time in my life I ever did such a thing."

"Did what?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"String two men on one bullet."

"Did you do that?"

"I did, or I'm dreaming."

"Well, let me tell you this is no dream, for we are mixing in with them pretty close; if we go to dreaming it'll be all up with us. Let's see what these fellows have got on 'em," and they proceeded to search the clothes of the dead Spaniards. They found nothing in the way of money, and very little in the way of food on any of them.

"They're a mighty poor crowd, pard," remarked Turner.

"So they are; they've got a mighty poor country to fight for, and I can't help but admire the patriotism that keeps men in the field under such circumstances."

Just as he finished speaking, three shots were fired in the bushes, not ten paces distant from them, and Turner dropped to the ground as though shot dead. Yankee Doodle wheeled and looked at him in consternation, but the Rough Rider motioned to him quickly to do the same thing, and the next moment he, too, dropped flat on the ground, with his face turned in the direction whence the shots had come. He had scarcely done so, when three Spaniards rushed through the bushes right upon them, thinking they had killed them.

Quick as a flash Turner sprang to his feet, a revolver in each hand, firing so fast as to make them sound like a pack of fire-crackers set off. Three Spaniards were down before Yankee Doodle could get in a shot himself.

"Great Scott!"

"That's the way to do it, pard," chuckled Turner, "this is more fun than I ever had in any one day in my life."

Before Yankee Doodle could make reply, Mauser bullets began whistling all about them, fired from a considerable distance.

"Say, Turner, come this way quick!" he exclaimed, "the smoke from your revolvers has told them where we are," and he darted through the bushes a distance of fifty feet or more before he stopped.

Turner followed him quickly, and when he had caught up with him, he was trying to adjust Mauser cartridges to his revolver.

"What a pity they don't fit," he remarked.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle, "for the smoke of the black powder locates us every time."

"Yes, so it does, but we are doing mighty well, pard."

"So we are," assented Yankee Doodle, "and at the same time a blamed sight worse than I looked for, for we are not out hunting for trouble."

"Why, bless your soul, we ain't having any trouble."

"No, not much, but it looks as though we were liable to run up against it at any moment."

"Are you weakening, pard?"

"Not a bit of it; on the contrary I would like nothing better than to have about one hundred of the Rough Riders and creep up that hillside out there, and drop 'em out of the trees all day long, but the general sent us after information, and to get it we've got to get close up to 'em and keep quiet. Come ahead, now. Let's keep on up the hollow between these two hills, and I guess we won't find any more of them, except such as are in the same line of business that we are."

"All right, lead ahead, pard; business is good to-day; in fact it's booming, and if somebody don't come along behind us with picks and spades to bury our dead, we'll have clouds of buzzards following us wherever we go."

Yankee Doodle led the way, creeping along under the bushes until they were fully half way up between the two lines. There they stopped in another clump of bushes, and gazed up at the top of the ridge on their right, to see if they could find any Spaniards in line. They suddenly made the discovery of a masked battery, so well concealed by the foliage that it certainly could not be seen by the Americans on the other hill. Yankee Doodle was the first to see it, as he was gazing up at the position through his field glass.

"Say, Turner," said he, "they've planted a masked battery up there."

"The deuce you say!"

"Yes, I can see the muzzles of two guns and a part of two other gun carriages."

"Let me take a squint at it, pard," and he reached out for the field glass which Yankee Doodle handed to him. After looking through it for about a minute, he said:

"You are right; they've got four pieces up there, and that means that they either expect an attack from us or else they are arranging to drive our boys from the position they hold on the hill back of us."

"That's it," said Yankee Doodle, "and if our people don't know of its presence up there, they certainly ought to; for a battery in that place can play the deuce with our boys; they are certainly not over half a mile distant from it, and we have no battery in front of it at all."

"I know we haven't, pard."

"Then we must let 'em know it."

"Yes, that's so, but I'm blessed if I feel like creeping back down the way we came, three or four miles,

when we could go from here straight up the hill, about five hundred yards."

"Well, if we did that," said Yankee Doodle, "we'd have five hundred Mausers playing on us before we got half way to the top, for there are many bald spots between here and the top of the hill where we could be plainly seen."

Turner looked up at the crest of the hill where the Americans were holding their line, and made a mental measurement not only of the distance from where he stood, but of the several open spaces in which they were exposed in attempting to reach the top of it.

"You're right, pard; they'd certainly catch glimpses of us as we went up, and would have fair shots at us; but blast 'em, they can't hit anything except by accident."

"That's very true, but where there are several hundred firing at one time, such accidents would be very likely to happen."

"Well, pard, let's one of us go and the other stay here."

Yankee Doodle looked at him in silence for nearly a minute, after which he picked up a couple of twigs, broke them into different lengths, held them in his hand, and said:

"The shortest one goes."

Turner reached out and drew the longest of the two sticks. Yankee Doodle cast the other one away, with the remark:

"I'm elected. You had better remain here till I come back. You can keep your eye on me without being seen yourself, and if I fall you will know what to do."

"All right, pard," said Turner, and the two men shook hands without uttering a word, after which Yankee Doodle turned and started up the hill in the direction of the American line, some five hundred yards away.

Turner stood still under the protecting shadows of a clump of bushes, gazing at the daring youth as he worked his way up the hillside. When he struck the first clearing, he heard the Mausers on the hill behind him popping away like a pack of fire-crackers, and little patches of dust danced all along over the clearing on the right and the left and behind as the youth ascended the hill. Not once did he look backward, but pushed on boldly, as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, finally disappearing in the bushes on the upper side of the clearing.

"Suffering Moses!" exclaimed the veteran cowboy, "he's as brave a lad as ever drew a breath! I'd turn around and fire at the cusses, but I want to keep my eye on him till he reaches the top of the hill, and if he falls I'll make it cost 'em more dearly than anything they have done or will do in the whole war. There he goes again," and as he spoke Yankee Doodle emerged into the next clearing and again the Mausers began popping away at him, knocking up the dust all around him. His hat flew off, and Turner knew that it was a Mauser bullet that caused it; but

the daring youth coolly picked it up, replaced it on his head and moved forward with a steady stride though he had a feeling of supreme contempt for Spaniards and Spanish marksmanship.

Suddenly he saw the youth tumble and fall flat on the ground.

"Great Scott!" groaned the cow puncher, "he's down! By all the powers of darkness I'll avenge him, if I, too, fall in the attempt!" and he wheeled around, grasped his rifle with a fierce energy and began picking off Spaniards in the vicinity of the masked battery, who, in their eagerness to bring down the daring young American recklessly exposed themselves. He picked off half a dozen in less than sixty seconds, during which time he noticed that the Mausers kept up their deadly fusillade.

"Blast 'em!" he exclaimed, "what are they shooting at now? Are they trying to tear his dead body to pieces?" and he wheeled to look up on the face of the other hill, where, to his great joy, he beheld Yankee Doodle again on his feet, climbing with his regular stride as though no bullets had touched him. He almost shouted for joy.

"Why, bless my soul!" he gasped, "I don't believe the boy was touched," and he ceased firing at the enemy to watch him. Again he saw him disappear in the thicket and again the firing ceased. Five minutes of awful suspense passed, after which he reappeared in the third and last open space below the crest of the hill.

Then again the Mausers opened on him, and again little patches of dust were knocked up all around him. A few moments later the Americans began to cover him with their fire and the Spaniards broke for shelter. They exchanged volleys for two or three minutes, during which Yankee Doodle was seen to enter the line, and a great cheer from the Americans rolled down the hillside to where Turner was watching and listening.

"Thank God, he is safe!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER III.

"THEY'RE COMING DOWN TO LOOK FOR US, PARD."

TURNER was so overjoyed at the escape of his young comrade from what looked like almost certain death that for full ten minutes he sat there on the ground under the bushes watching and listening. He mentally calculated that over a thousand shots had been fired at the youth during his ascent of the hill.

"It was the bravest thing I ever witnessed," he said to himself, "and not once did he flinch or weaken. I wouldn't have believed it. This war may last for months or a year, or five years, and no braver deed will be performed by any man on either side. I'll wait right here till he starts back, as it won't be necessary to go to the general's headquarters; others can carry the news to him."

He waited about a half hour and then heard rifle shots from the crest of both hills. He sprang up and watched all along the front for a distance of several

hundred yards, to see if he could catch a glimpse of the daring young American returning.

"There he is, there he is!" he finally exclaimed, as he caught a glimpse of Yankee Doodle crossing the first open space below the crest of the hill.

Naturally he made better speed coming down than going up, and quickly disappeared under cover of the first thicket. Presently he re-appeared again, and again the Mausers began to crack all along the line, but the Americans were now returning shot for shot, and thousands of bullets were whistling high over the head of the cowboy down in the valley. To save his life he couldn't take his eyes off the drummer boy, as he saw him crossing the second open space, and almost held his breath in suspense until he saw him cross the thicket again. Then he drew a long breath of relief, saying to himself:

"There is just one more clearing where the blasted gooks can have a shot at him."

Suddenly he heard the Mausers cracking again as Yankee Doodle dashed across the open on a run. The Mauser bullets were fairly singing as they passed over the head of the cowboy, and the music was kept up after Yankee Doodle reached the dense thicket at the foot of the hill, for the enemy knew that he was there somewhere.

"Here I am, pard!" he called out, and a few minutes later Yankee Doodle joined him, and shook hands with him as though they hadn't met in ten years.

"Pard," exclaimed Turner, "I thought they'd get you."

"Well, they didn't," he laughed, "but didn't they waste a lot of ammunition?"

"Didn't they though?" he assented, and then he exclaimed:

"When I saw you fall I thought they had hit you the back."

"Oh, that's when I stepped in a hole and fell," explained Yankee Doodle.

"Well, it cost the Spaniards a half dozen lives, for wheeled around, looked up at them, and saw scores of them recklessly exposing themselves as they were blazing away at you. In less than one minute I topped six of them, but they kept on firing with such eagerness that I looked back in your direction to see what they were shooting at, and found you on our feet again, going right up to the top of the hill. I was so glad I let up on the villains and watched till I saw you disappear over the crest. And now, pard, how did you find 'em up there?"

"Oh, I found them all in line, holding it with a determination to keep it at all hazards. They were so surprised at seeing me coming right in straight from the direction of the enemy, they didn't know what to make of it. I met a lieutenant and told him that I had important information for the colonel, which the sooner he was in possession of would be better for all of them, and in less than ten minutes they got me to the colonel's headquarters. When I told him there was a masked battery up there, he was the most astonished man you ever saw, and wouldn't

believe it until I told him who I was. That woke him up somewhat, and a few minutes later one of General Wheeler's staff officers came along who knew me. When I told him about the battery he made a break for the general's headquarters, two miles away, with full speed, and you can bet your life that there'll be one or two batteries up there just as quick as they can place them."

"Then we'll have some fun," remarked Turner, "and I'd like to be right down here as the cannon balls fly to and fro above us; then we can pick off the enemy as they expose themselves to our aim."

They had spent quite a while under the bushes there, talking in low tones as to what move they should next make. Suddenly Turner laid his hand on Yankee Doodle's arm, and looked back through the bushes towards the foot of the hill occupied by the Spaniards, and after a few moments of profound silence, he whispered:

"They've come down to look for us, pard."

"I hope they have," said Yankee Doodle, "for they doubtless think there's only one of us here."

They crept forward through the bushes in the direction of the noises they had heard, and quietly got down on their hands and knees so as to be able to see the enemy if they appeared, without themselves being observed. A few minutes more passed, and then a party of five Spaniards appeared, creeping forward with the stealthy step of panthers preparing to spring upon their prey.

Again Turner found two of them in a line not more than fifteen feet away from him, and quick as a flash, he rose on his knees and fired, dropping them both.

It may not be known to the reader, and perhaps it should be here stated that the Mauser is unquestionably the longest range rifle in the world. It is claimed for it that at a distance of one hundred yards a bullet can be sent through the bodies of seven average sized men, hence it can be easily understood how at such close range Turner was able to bring down two at a time.

Scarcely had the crack of Turner's rifle died away before Yankee Doodle fired and brought down another, which caused the two surviving Spaniards of that party to drop down in the bushes out of sight. Then it became a game of hide and seek with the four. Both Turner and Yankee Doodle kept flat on their stomachs on the ground, knowing that to rise up to look for the enemy would invite a shot.

The Spaniards were evidently following the same tactics, as fully ten or fifteen minutes passed without any motion being heard by either side. Then Yankee Doodle suddenly made the discovery that three Spaniards were approaching him on his right, and he wondered if Turner was aware of it. The three Spaniards were approaching in a crouching position, slowly and cautiously.

Yankee Doodle dared not look to his left to warn Turner, lest they see him and fire. When they were almost close enough to step on him, he raised his revolver and fired at the nearest one, who fell almost on

top of him. Quick as a flash he fired at the second one, and at the same time Turner knocked over the third one, the two shots sounding almost as one.

Only one of the three, it seems, was killed. Of the other two, one yelled like a pig under a gate, while the other rose to his knees and made repeated efforts to fire his Mauser at Yankee Doodle. He undoubtedly would have succeeded had not Turner sent a bullet through his head.

"Come, pard," whispered the cowboy, "we must get out from under this smoke," and he led off through the thicket farther up the little valley for a distance of a hundred yards or so, where they stopped under a thick clump of bushes.

"Say, Turner," whispered Yankee Doodle, "if this isn't the valley of death that we've both heard so much about it seems to me to be very much like it."

"It's the best play-ground I ever struck, pard; it beats baseball, football or any game I ever played. I want to build a house down here and stay during the war."

"You're a bad man, Turner," remarked Yankee Doodle; "where do you expect to go to when you die?"

"I won't go anywhere, I'll stop traveling then."

"Don't you expect to live after you're dead?"

"What a question! How can a man live when he's dead?"

"Oh, he'll be a ghost then."

"Oh, ghost be blowed! If there was such things as ghosts the world would be so filled with them we couldn't breathe without swallowing them, for this is a mighty old world, pard, in which billions and billions of men have lived and died."

"I guess you haven't got any religion, Turner," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"Yes, I have."

"What is it?"

"It's the old flag, and you can bet I believe in it heart and soul, and when I die I want to be wrapped in it just as the old Egyptians were rolled up in thousands of yards of linen."

"Aren't you afraid the flag will get burned when you are cast into the fire?"

"No, for old Nick hasn't got a stoker in his kingdom who would dare lay a hand on a man wrapped up in it; for I'll tell you that the American boys are able not only to make it respected in this world, but in all the worlds on the other side. That's the kind of a patriot I am."

"Gimme your hand on that, Turner," and the two shook hands. "Gimme the other one," and they clasped their left hands.

"Them's my sentiments, pard," said Turner, "and it's my whole religion. Just now we are having a glorious revival, and the more Spaniards I kill the happier I get. If we can keep this thing up all day, you'll begin to hear me shout Glory Hallelujah!"

The two had evidently moved so far out of the way of the spot where the Spaniards had last seen them, that they were unable to find them, so after waiting

nearly an hour there, in momentary expectation another ruction, they moved on up the valley between the two hills, till they were nearly opposite the wing of the American line and the right of the Spaniards. The latter, however, extended still farther doubtless to enable them to keep up their connection with the main body of their army in the trench around Santiago.

The firing between the two lines had ceased almost entirely, save where here and there Spanish sharpshooters, perched high up in the trees, were trying to pick off Americans at long range. Several times the two were enabled to locate a sharpshooter and drop him from his perch. By and by even that little diversion ceased, and as the day was pretty well gone they sat down under the protecting shadow of bushes, and ate some of the rations they had brought along with them, after which they laid down on their leaves to wait till the stars came out. Then they decided to gradually get up nearer the line held by the Spaniards, for the purpose of watching them around their camp-fires. When they started out they had the good fortune to strike a little road, which they followed for upwards of a mile, without seeing or hearing anybody. Then they came to a little collection of houses, which Yankee Doodle instantly recognized.

"By George, Turner," he said in a whisper, "we have passed clear through the enemy's line and are in their rear, and if they catch us we're goners!"

"Oh, we'd be goners anyhow if they caught us, and we are safer back here than when we were out in their front, as they certainly won't be looking for where we are."

"That's so," assented Yankee Doodle, "so we may as well push on and over to the north side of the island where, if we are careful, we may pick up a good deal of news. There's another little village some two or three miles beyond this one, where lives an old Cuban whom I know well. Of course we can't expect to find him there, but I know his wife and daughter, and they are true blue for *Cuba Libre* every time; and besides that the girl is about the prettiest I've seen anywhere on the island."

"Go ahead then," said Turner, "for I'd walk a long distance to see a pretty girl any night in the week."

They pushed on up the little road for nearly three miles before they saw anyone. Then they came in sight of a camp-fire. Creeping up close to it under the cover of darkness, they found it was a party of Spanish scouts who had stopped there for the night. They were lying around on the ground smoking, and evidently in good humor, as a number of hearty laughs were heard while the two Americans were in their vicinity.

Knowing that they could not hope to pick up any information from the scouts, Yankee Doodle was not disposed to waste very much time in their neighborhood, so he pushed on past them and went on up the road, where about a mile beyond the little camp

scouts, they struck the village Yankee Doodle had spoken of. They walked on past a number of houses and were seen by the inmates of several, who took them to be Spaniards.

There were no street lights, hence the mistake was quite natural, and experience had taught them not to interrupt any Spanish soldiers coming or going through their town. Down at the lower end of the town Yankee Doodle turned towards an unpretentious little hut, where he found a woman and a young girl sitting on a bench just outside of the door. As he advanced towards them the two arose to their feet, evidently in alarm.

"Don't move, senora," said he, in a low tone of voice, "for we are friends."

"Who are you, senor?" she asked.

"I am the friend of your husband," he replied; "the young Americano."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER—"GIVE ME YOUR HAND, CUBANO!"

THE moment the woman understood who the two visitors were she sprang forward, clutched Yankee Doodle by the arm, and asked in a tone of voice so low as to be scarcely above a whisper:

"Senor Americano, where is my Jose?"

"He was well when I saw him last, senora," he replied.

"When did you see him last?"

"It was more than a week ago, and then he was on his way to General Castillo's command."

"Then you don't know if he be yet alive?"

"No, senora, but I am quite sure that no harm has come to him, as Castillo's command has not been engaged with the enemy since I last saw him."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Senor Americano, as I have been fearing the worst ever since he left us; I have heard nothing from him either direct or otherwise."

"You should not worry so much, senora," said he, passing her to shake hands with her daughter.

The young girl received him cordially, after which he introduced Turner to both mother and daughter as his friend, whom they could trust with the utmost confidence.

"I am glad to see you two so well," he remarked, again turning to the mother.

"But we are not well, senor," said the mother.

"What's the matter," he asked, "have you the fever?"

"No, senor, it's worse than that, for we are slowly starving to death."

"What?" he gasped.

"We are slowly starving to death, senor," she repeated.

"Suffering Moses!" exclaimed Turner, promptly taking off his haversack and handing it to her.

"Here are some rations, help yourselves."

"But that is your food, senor," said she, making no attempt to take the haversack.

"Oh, we can find plenty to eat," and he pressed the haversack into her hands.

"And what is more, senora," said Yankee Doodle, "here is good money with which to buy what you need," and with that he drew from his pocket a handful of pesetas, which he had captured the week before in the possession of a Spanish lieutenant.

"Oh, senors," said the woman, "you have saved our lives!"

"Glad of it, senora! Jose Lopez saved my life a month ago, and there is nothing for him or his I would not do."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the mother. "While it comes from you, senor, it yet seems to be the hand of my Jose in recognition of his brave act in saving your life."

"That's just what it is, senora, and yet there is not a woman in all Cuba for whom I would not do the same thing. It is the way with us Americans to give up everything to women and children."

"That's so, pard," put in Turner, "and even for a man we will divide our rations and our purses if he is hungry. But, senora, don't stop to talk, but sit down again and satisfy your hunger," and as he spoke he took hold of her hand and led her back to the bench upon which she and her daughter had been sitting when they appeared on the scene.

As she sat down he took the haversack from her hand and emptied its contents into her lap.

It was a beautiful starlit night in which in any clearing objects could be seen quite well at a distance of a few paces, but under the shadows of trees or houses, the darkness was great. The two stood by whilst the mother and daughter partook of the rations they had brought.

By and by Yankee Doodle sat down by the side of the mother and told her that Spain would soon be driven from the island when there would be no more hunger or suffering among the people.

"But, senor," said she, "rather than have my Jose killed in battle I would prefer that Spain should rule Cuba forever."

"That is quite natural, senora, but it is not right you should permit your fears to make you so unhappy. Thousands of men go into battle, win victories or suffer defeats without receiving injury. We had a great battle the other day, in which thousands were engaged and but few were killed; so you should not worry so much about Jose. While he is a very brave man he is also a prudent one."

"Yes," she assented, "he is brave and prudent, and kind and good, and were he to be killed I do not see how I could live, for I would want to die with him."

"Such devotion as that, senora, is a great compliment to him as a man and a husband, and when I see him again I shall congratulate him and tell him that I have seen you, and provided for your wants for a week or two so you may not suffer. Now, senora, can you tell us if there are any Spanish soldiers along the road westward from here?"

"I don't know, senor, as bodies of soldiers are moving every day; where there are none to-day there may be thousands to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, I understand that, but do you know if they have been moving in the direction of our army?"

"Yes, senor, they go that way one day and return the next. Three days ago an army of them passed here in the night and we thought a great battle would be fought, but they came away the next night without a fight."

"Yes, yes, they found us ready for them and they durst not fight. In the battle of Quasimas we tore them to pieces and they retreated to the line along San Juan Hill and El Caney."

"Why, senor," said she, in a surprised tone, "they told us here in the village that they had driven the Americanos back down to the coast, and that soon they would drive them into the sea."

"Yes, I knew they would say that," chuckled Yankee Doodle, "for they never tell the truth about their defeats. They were driven back over the hill with great loss, and, instead of being driven back to the seashore, we are five or six miles nearer to Santiago than before the fight, and in the next battle we will drive them into their intrenchments around the city."

"Oh, senor," said she, "I can believe you, because my Jose told me that you Americanos were soldiers who knew how to fight, and were not afraid to tell the truth."

"In military operations, senora, it is worse than useless to attempt to conceal the truth about matters of which there are thousands of witnesses on both sides; but in movements strategical or otherwise, both sides attempt to deceive the other and conceal the truth. The Spaniards, however, boldly claim victories where they have met crushing defeat, and there is no doubt that were we to capture Santiago to-morrow, they would say the American army had been destroyed."

At that moment a dark figure appeared around the corner of the little house with a suddenness that caused all four to spring to their feet. Yankee Doodle and Turner had their hands on their revolvers, ready for any emergency, but the next moment the daughter uttered a low, glad cry.

"It is father!" and ran at the man, whom she hugged and kissed like the beautiful, loving child she was.

"Jose! Jose!" cried the mother, rushing forward to welcome her husband.

"Hello, old man!" said Yankee Doodle, in a low tone of voice, stepping up to the happy little family group.

"*Sancta Maria!*" exclaimed the new-comer, "it is Senor Yankee Doodle!"

"Yes, old man," replied the latter, "we are just a little ahead of you. Which way did you come?"

"By the road behind El Caney, senor; but where are you going?"

"We came through to-night merely to find out what was going on around here; what are you after?"

"I feared they were starving at home, senor, and I came with a little money with which they could feed themselves."

"Good, good!" laughed Yankee Doodle. "The senora and senorita are getting rich, for we have just given them a handful of pesetas."

"*Caramba*, senor. You are kind to the poor Cuban!"

"That's all right, old man; but for your machete I would not have been able to do it."

Talking for a little while longer Jose Lopez, the returned Cuban, suggested that they go inside of the little house, and he was seconded by his wife, although she stated that they had no light.

"It is well you have not, senora," said Yankee Doodle, "as we might be seen and our presence become known in the village. As it is we are safer outside here where no one can creep up on us unforeseen. But you and Jose should go in whilst we remain outside with the senorita, in order to watch out for danger."

After a little more parleying the father, mother and daughter went inside, where they spent a half hour or so in whispered conversation, whilst Turner and Yankee Doodle strolled around the yard to see if any prowlers were about. By and by they returned to the bench by the door and sat down.

They had not been there over ten minutes when three Spanish soldiers came strolling along, and turned out of their way and approached the hut. As they came up they seemed to be a bit surprised at seeing two men occupying the bench upon which they evidently expected to find the senora and her daughter.

"Who are you, senors," one of them asked, and Turner, whose Spanish was about as good as that of any of the natives, answered:

"We are soldiers."

The darkness rendered it impossible for the newcomers to see by either face or dress whether or not they were Spanish soldiers, but their spokesman asked the question:

"What are you doing here?"

"We are sitting on this bench," Turner replied, "what are you doing here?"

"We're on our way to camp," said the Spaniard.

"Well, this is not your camp; what are you stopping here for?"

"We wish to pay our respects to the senora and the senorita," was the answer.

"That's all right, and you have their permission to go on your way rejoicing."

"Where are they?" the Spaniard asked.

"They are inside."

The Spaniard attempted to enter, but Turner rose up before him and barred the way, saying as he did so in a very firm tone of voice:

"You'd better go on to camp, comrade, as senora

and the senorita are not receiving visitors at this time of night."

"How is it that you are here then?" the Spaniard asked.

"We are outside," replied Turner, "where you must remain also."

"Oh," said the other, "you think you can keep me out, do you?"

"I'll keep you out or kill you," hissed Turner, "for on the honor of a soldier you shall not pass the threshold of this house," and with that he shoved the Spaniard back against one of his companions, whereupon Yankee Doodle rose to his feet to stand by the side of the cowboy; but he dared not utter a word lest his imperfect Spanish betray his nationality.

"*Caramba!*" hissed the Spaniard, and the three of them pressed forward as if to push their way into the house. The next moment the bright blade of a machete shot out from the doorway between the shoulders of Turner and Yankee Doodle, and passed through the neck of the foremost Spaniard. The other two Spaniards sprang back a couple of paces, very much surprised at the unexpected attack. Their comrade sank down to the ground, and the next moment the fierce old Cuban darted out through the door of the hut, almost upsetting Yankee Doodle whose shoulder he struck. Before the latter could recover his balance a swish of the machete, followed instantly by a crash was heard, and another Spaniard sank to the ground with a groan. The third one wheeled and ran. The Cuban followed like a shadow, and both disappeared in the darkness. Scarcely thirty seconds later Yankee Doodle and Turner heard a fierce oath and an exclamation, a blow, a groan and then silence followed.

"Great Scott, pard!" whispered Turner, "how's that for quick work?"

"It's bully!" said Yankee Doodle, "and the best of all, no noise has been made."

"Senor! Senor!" cried the Cuban's wife, in a low, anxious tone of voice, just within the door, "what has happened?"

"Nothing much, senora—only three Spaniards killed."

"*Sancta Maria!* we'll all be ruined!" she moaned.

"Have no fear, senora; we'll get them out of the way," and at that moment Jose was seen coming through the darkness, dragging the Spaniard whom he had chased.

"Senor," said he, "we must get them out of the way."

"Of course," assented Yankee Doodle, "and the sooner we do so the better."

"Come on, then," said the Cuban, and leading the way he dragged his victim behind him. Turner and Yankee Doodle each seized a body by the collar of the coat and followed him. They almost ran down the road, a distance of several hundred yards, where they left the bodies in a thicket by the roadside.

"This is far enough, senor," said the Cuban, "and the rain which will come before midnight will wash

away the trail; their comrades will find them here to-morrow."

"Say, pard," said Turner, nudging Yankee Doodle with his elbow, "he knows his business, eh?"

"Yes," replied Yankee Doodle; "if he didn't he wouldn't be living to-night. It's a good thing for us that his machete rendered it unnecessary for us to use our revolvers, as they would have betrayed our presence in the village."

"That's so, pard, but we didn't have any hand in the fun."

"Oh, now look here, Turner, if you don't look out you'll justify the Spaniards in calling us American pigs. We've had fun enough to-day to satisfy any ordinary American hog."

"There is no hog about it, pard, that's what we are sent to Cuba for."

"Oh, no, you are mistaken; we are sent to drive the Spaniards out of Cuba, not to kill them."

"Oh, you be blowed! that's putting it down too fine, pard. Your friend and I will differ with you about the best way to drive them out, for we think that it's better to drive them off the face of the earth, eh, Cubano?"

"Si, senor," replied Jose, "a dead Spaniard is always a good one."

"That's so," chuckled Turner, "and a live one is always a bad one."

"Si, senor."

"Give me your hand, Cubano," and Turner reached out and grasped the Cuban's hand, shaking it warmly.

The truth is there was a great deal of the savage in the mental make-up of the Rough Rider, and the Cuban was naturally of a similar nature. The conduct of Spanish rule in Cuba had created a wild thirst for vengeance, which apparently justified almost any atrocity on the part of the friends of *Cuba Libre*.

CHAPTER V.

"IF I HAVE A DOUBLE IN CUBA HE IS A SPANISH SPY."

ON the way back to the little home of Jose the Cuban asked Yankee Doodle how he managed to get through the lines at El Caney three day before.

"I didn't go through the lines, senor," replied Yankee Doodle.

"Did you give it up?" Jose asked.

"Why, I didn't try to go through."

"Oh, I didn't know, but you told us that you were going to."

"What are you talking about, Jose?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Why, I am talking about the time when you were with us in the camp beyond El Caney three days ago, senor, when you told us you were going to try to get into El Caney and see what the enemy was doing."

"You must be dreaming, Jose, for I was not in your camp three days ago, nor have I seen you for more than a week until to-night."

Jose seemed staggered for a moment or two.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," said he, "you forget.

You were with us in Castillo's camp three days ago, spent a half a day and a night there when you left, telling us you were going to slip through the lines at El Caney."

"Say, Turner," said Yankee Doodle, "what do you think of that?"

"Oh, I guess he's mistaken as to the time," remarked Turner, "for you've been with us for a week to my certain knowledge."

"Of course I have," and then turning to the Cuban again, Yankee Doodle asked:

"What's the matter with you, Jose? I never was in Castillo's camp in my life, though I have met him and his officers and know nearly all of them."

"*Caramba*, senor! You were with us in the camp on Tuesday and Tuesday night, and the general himself will tell you so. What's the matter with you?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, Jose, but you've got things mixed up somehow, for my comrade here and I have been together for about a week, and it can't be that we are both mistaken."

"Then, Senor Americano, there's another Yankee Doodle in Cuba besides you."

"Oh, I guess not."

"Si, senor. I talked with him, face to face, for hours on Tuesday night, and if it was not you it was someone whom your very mother would call her son."

"Suffering Moses! we've got to hunt up that fellow, pard."

"Oh, I guess he's mistaken, Turner," remarked Yankee Doodle. "I've never heard of anybody in Cuba looking like me."

"There is no mistake, senor," persisted Jose, "for we had Senor Yankee Doodle with us in Castillo's camp on Tuesday, and the soldiers talked all the time of the brave young Americano. He ate rations with the general, and promised to let him know what the Spanish were doing at El Caney."

"I tell you, Jose, I have not been in Castillo's camp."

"Then, senor, it was another Americano Yankee Doodle, and he looked so much like you that you yourself could not tell the difference were you to meet him."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated the young American; "if I have a double in Cuba, he is a Spanish spy, and I will run him down at every hazard. Cuba is not large enough for two of a kind."

"That's so, pard," said Turner, "and if we catch him we'll swing him up."

"Not a bit of it," said Yankee Doodle, "but we'll fill him full of lead and plant him."

Jose seemed to be staggered by Yankee Doodle's denial of his visit to the Cuban camp, but he stoutly persisted in the truth of his statement, until both Turner and the young American were fully persuaded that somebody was masquerading under his name. They walked along in silence until they came in sight of the Cuban's home, both doing some very hard

thinking. Just before they reached the little hut Yankee Doodle said:

"Jose, hereafter when you meet me or the other Yankee Doodle, you must say:

"'I am glad to see you, senor,' and I will answer

"'Me, too, *amigo*.' If I do not say that, you will know that it is not me, but the other fellow. You must tell no one what the test is, as it might get mixed up and get me into trouble by others who would forget the test."

"If I meet him, senor, what shall I do with him?"

"If you can't arrest him, kill him," was the reply.

"*Caramba!* I will do it, senor!"

"Is that the same test for me, too?" Turner asked.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle, "and it will be all the more a test from one American to another."

"All right, pard; it will be bad for the cuss when I meet him, for if he don't hold up his hands I'll pum more lead into him than he can carry."

By that time they had reached the Cuban's home where they found the door shut and all silent within. Jose gave signal raps that brought his wife to the door. She asked softly:

"Is it you, Jose?"

His reply satisfied her and the door was opened. He entered, leaving Yankee Doodle and Turner again seated on the little bench outside. His daughter came out and sat down between them.

"Senorita," said Yankee Doodle, "I am sorry that you have to endure such a life, but I assure you it will not last long."

"Senor Americano, it will be a happy day for Cuba when the Spanish soldiers leave the island."

"Yes, senorita, but as sure as the stars are now shining above us they will have to go. The great American people have sworn it, and their will is law against all the world. Spain can no more contend against America than you or I could stand on the sea-shore and sweep back the waves with a broom. When they go old things will become new, and Cuba which is now the scene of desolation, will bloom as the Gardens of Eden, for the will of the people will be the law of the land; and if the people are prudent and forbearing, and refrain from wreaking vengeance for past wrongs, they will be the happiest on the face of the earth."

"Senor Americano, it seems like a dream even to think of such a thing."

"It may seem so to you, senorita, but we in America know that it is not a dream, for our people are prosperous; we have school-houses on every hill, and in the valleys are the great mills that give employment to millions of people and send goods to the uttermost parts of the earth. We are the richest nation the sun shines on. Our treasury overflows with gold, and our credit is so good that the governments and capitalists of the rest of the world are eager to lend us money or buy our bonds. The world is old, senorita, and many nations and people have lived, flourished and passed away; but those stars that now twinkle above us to-night have never seen a nation like ours

whose people are so happy, where the men treat the women as angels of their households, and where no king rules over them or armies of soldiers to oppress them. If your beloved Cuba cannot govern herself in peace and quietude, the Stars and Stripes will be raised above it, and the Cubans become American citizens."

"Oh, senor! to hear you talk is like listening to a beautiful song, in which every note is a thrill of joy."

"It is a song that every American sings, senorita, because we are proud of our flag and our great republic. Spain is a relic of the past and must go from the Western world, and when this war ends her flag will not float over a square foot of earth in this hemisphere."

While they were talking there was a faint sound as of a tramping host in the air, and the Rough Rider rose to his feet and went out into the road, where he listened for a few minutes. Then he threw himself flat on the ground and placed his ear to the surface of the earth, after which he arose and returned to where Yankee Doodle and the senorita were sitting.

"Pard," said he, "I can hear the tramp of soldiers. Regiments are moving, and it will be wise for us to move, too."

"Are you sure of it, Turner?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Yes, pard. By waiting a few moments longer you can hear them, too."

"I'll take your word for it," said Yankee Doodle, rising to his feet and taking the hand of the young girl by his side, "and now, senorita, we must leave you."

"Senor Americano," said she, "you must take my father with you, for if it is dangerous for you to remain here, it would be even more so for him."

She had scarcely ceased speaking when Jose appeared in the doorway of his little home, where he remarked:

"I hear them too, senor, and will go with you."

"Come, then," said Yankee Doodle, "we've no time to lose."

Jose turned back, embraced his wife, and as he came out took his daughter in his arms, gave her a farewell kiss, after which he strode away through the darkness with the two Americans.

They passed down the road in the direction whence the sounds were coming and disappeared into the woods on the right. They well knew they could not be followed in the forests by starlight, hence they remained but a few paces away from the roadside in order to listen and watch as the Spaniards passed by. Soon the marching host appeared. It was evidently a Spanish brigade shifting its position. They marched by with the sturdy discipline of veteran soldiers, and the two Americans heard very little talking, as on the march under such circumstances soldiers are apt to preserve discreet silence.

When they had passed Yankee Doodle whispered to Turner:

"They must be going to El Caney."

"Yes, pard, that's where they are bound, and before they are there three days they'll find it the hottest place in Cuba. Your warning of the masked battery on the hill was just in time, for this regiment or brigade is evidently intended as a support for it and maybe others."

They went out into the road and resumed their journey westward, intending to go through to the village of Caimanes, which place they reached a little while before dawn. Yankee Doodle had been there once before and knew two Cuban families living on the outskirts of the village. At no time during the war up to that day had the place been occupied by either insurgents or Spaniards, while the forces of both sides had frequently passed through it. Nearly all the men in the village were in the insurgent army, so that the population was composed principally of women and children and a few old men.

"We are hardly in any danger here," said Yankee Doodle to his comrade, "as there are no forces stationed this far back of the enemy's line."

"All right, pard," replied Turner, "I wouldn't be afraid of them if there were any here."

"Nor would I; but we must be careful not to show any partiality for any particular insurgent's family in the village, as it would bring destruction upon them when a Spanish force passes through. It is necessary that we should get something to eat here, and I guess we have little trouble about that, as we are able to pay for what we get."

They went boldly down into the principal street of the village where they stopped in front of a little bodega, which Yankee Doodle had once before visited in company with old Pedro, a former resident of the place. The landlord's wife was just opening the front door, when she saw the two Americans.

"Good-morning, senora," greeted Yankee Doodle, and on recognizing him she seemed very much surprised.

"Senor Americano, we didn't expect to see you here again so soon," said she.

"Why, senora, it has been a month since I was here, and yet it seems like a year since I saw your smiling face."

"You mean a week, Senor Americano."

"Oh, no, senora, it has been at least a month since I was in the village."

"You are mistaken, Senor Americano, for I had the pleasure of waiting on you one week ago," and then she turned and looked back towards the rear of the little store, calling out:

"Manuel, come here; here is Senor Yankee Doodle Americano, come back again."

A stout, elderly Cuban came forward, with a great shock of unkempt hair above a very dirty face and still dirtier hands. The Cuban looked at the two as though afraid to be too polite, lest he be accused of treason to Spain. At the same time he bowed and asked:

"What can I do for you, Senor Americano?"

"We would like to buy a breakfast, Manuel," said Yankee Doodle.

"Pardon me, senor, we can sell you provisions, but if we cook a meal for you we may be shot the next time the soldiers pass through. They shot one man for being too friendly to you when you were here a week ago."

"There he is again, pard," whispered Turner to Yankee Doodle. "That same fellow has been here."

"You must be mistaken, Manuel, for it has been a month since I was in this village."

"Oh, no, senor, we sold you some provisions a week ago. It must be that you forget, or else you are joking with me. You were here one week ago and stopped one hour, and then went towards Santiago."

"I fear you were drinking late last night, Manuel," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"Not so, senor, for it's little to drink we have now."

Yankee Doodle stepped inside the place and quickly purchased such things as he and Turner needed, and while Manuel was putting them up for them, he asked if it was true that the Americanos had been beaten at Quasimas and driven back down the coast.

"It is not true, Manuel," he replied, "for it was the other way. We beat the Spaniards and drove them back towards El Caney and Santiago de Cuba."

Manuel shrugged his shoulders and remarked:

"We hear so many different stories, Senor Americano. Some of the insurgents come in and say the Spaniards were whipped, while the soldiers say it is the Americans who were defeated, and we don't know what to believe."

"I guess you're right about that," laughed Turner, "but let me tell you, Cubano, that whenever you hear a Spaniard say they whipped the Americans, you can rejoice with him if you think it is best for you to do so; but at the same time if you doubt his story you will be very safe and much nearer the truth, for it is not written in the book of fate that the Spaniards can whip Americans anywhere in the world."

Again Manuel shrugged his shoulders but ventured to say nothing, and a few moments later a couple of Cuban women came in, who had between them a single peseta with which to buy a day's supply of food.

CHAPTER VI.

"SUFFERING MOSES! HE'LL GET AWAY AFTER ALL!"

WHEN the two women came in to make their purchases the wife of Manuel went behind the little counter to wait on them, but instead of making their purchases they turned and looked at the two Americans in evident astonishment. The proprietor's wife said in a low tone of voice to one of them:

"They are Americanos, and the younger one is Senor Yankee Doodle."

"Yes," said the woman, "I saw him here a week ago," and still she gazed at Yankee Doodle as though she would like to say something to him but was afraid.

"We were just passing through the village,

senora," said Yankee Doodle, "and stopped to buy some provisions from Manuel here."

"You are far away from your friends, senor," marked the woman.

"Si, senora, but at the same time each of us carries a very good friend in our hand," and he tapped his Mauser rifle affectionately as he spoke.

"Were you in the battle at Quasimas?" asked.

"Yes, senora, we were both there, and we whipped the Spaniards out of their boots."

"We heard the Americanos were beaten, senor."

"Oh, yes, you never hear of Spanish defeats from Spanish forces," he replied, "but the truth will gradually find its way all over the country. I think you people here are very fortunate in being so far back behind the line of battle, for those who live near where the fighting is going on are starving to death if they are not killed by bullets."

"There are a great many people starving everywhere, senor. There is little food and still less money with which to buy it."

"All that will soon be over, senora, for when Santiago falls the Spaniards will no longer have the chance to interfere with the population in their efforts to earn a living."

Just as he had finished speaking, a Cuban boy, some ten or twelve years of age, barefooted and unkempt, ran into the place, crying out:

"The soldiers are coming!"

Turner had just placed in his haversack the ration that had been purchased, and when he heard the news brought by the youth, he turned to Yankee Doodle saying:

"We must get away, pard!"

"Yes," was the reply. "Come," and they both started to emerge upon the street. As they did so they saw a party of Spanish cavalry, not more than one hundred yards away, coming at a rapid pace.

"We must get out the back way," said Yankee Doodle, turning back and starting through to the rear of the bodega.

"You must not go that way, senor!" called out Manuel, "for they will think we were aiding in your escape and will kill us!"

Jose had disappeared suddenly.

"No danger of that, Manuel, "if you will run on in the street and tell them which way we have gone. They will believe you and think you loyal. They will rush after us, but I guess we can take care of ourselves. Come, pard," and he and Turner dashed out of the place and made for the rear of the houses fronting on the next street, passing between a couple of them, crossed over to the other side, entered an empty house, made their way through by the rear door to an open lot beyond which was a patch of stubble palmetto. They ran fast, and had entered the palmetto as the cavalry came dashing around in pursuit of them.

"We are all right now, pard," said Turner. "They can't pursue us through the woods on hor-

back, and if they dismount we'll have some fun with them."

"Don't stop to have any fun, Turner," said Yankee Doodle, "for it is better that we get away without a fight. We are so far away from our lines that it would be rather bad to have a party of a hundred or more following us up."

"All right, pard, I'll obey orders."

"Come along then," said Yankee Doodle, and he pushed straight on into the woods with the cowboy close behind him. They could hear the shouts of the cavalymen as they dismounted, and beat about through the bushes in search of them.

Presently they came out on a road leading northwards from the village, and were discovered by a party of nearly a dozen Spaniards on horseback, who had dashed in that direction to cut off their escape.

"Lord, pard," exclaimed Turner, "I can't resist the temptation," and he halted in the middle of the road and began firing. He fired with startling rapidity, and at each shot a cavalryman tumbled out of his saddle, until four had fallen. The others, however, pressed on, knowing that only two men were in front of them.

Since the fight was on Yankee Doodle joined in, and in less than thirty seconds had knocked two out of their saddles, which seemed to have a magical effect on the ardor of the enemy, for they instantly halted, dismounted and ran into the bushes on either side of the road.

"Now come away, Turner," said Yankee Doodle. "We've knocked over a half a dozen, which will give them something to think about."

"All right, pard, I feel better now," said the Rough Rider, as he followed him through the woods, putting fresh cartridges in the magazine of his rifle.

Naturally the Spaniards beat around through the woods in the expectation of finding them concealed in some nearby thicket, which, of course, enabled the two Americans to make their escape into the depth of the forest. They turned to the right and started eastward, knowing that the enemy had been foiled.

"Which way are we going now, pard?" Turner asked.

"We are going eastward," was the reply.

"Then we are going back?"

"Yes, we are going back in the rear of El Caney, and may possibly strike Castillo's camp. I want to find that double of mine if it is possible to do so, for if he looks so much like me as to deceive men who know me intimately, he is the most dangerous spy the Spaniards could send into our lines."

"That's so, pard; he could walk right up to General Wheeler or General Shafter, or Colonel Wood or Roosevelt, and actually get orders from them, and passports and all that sort of thing."

"So he could, and that's just what he's doing; and I'd give more to catch him than I ever expect to make out of this war."

"So would I, pard, for the truth is we are not making much, and I guess we won't."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Yankee Doodle, "for while the Spanish soldier is as poor as a church mouse, some of their officers carry mighty fat belts around their waists."

"Well, I'd like to see some of those fellows, for my belt has got very little in it."

"That's the case with mine too," laughed Yankee Doodle. "I don't believe in plundering, but if I knock a Spanish officer over and can get at him, I think it would be very foolish for me to leave his belt for somebody else to come along and get."

"Of course, of course, we are not born fools, and even if we were, we have learned something since we were weaned, I guess."

"I hope we have. Look out now, here's another road," and he stopped in the bushes and looked up and down the road to see if the coast was clear.

"Where does this road lead?" Turner asked.

"It leads northward, up towards Holguin, and if we stop here we will probably see detachments of soldiers or couriers passing between Holguin and Santiago de Cuba. General Shafter, though, expects Garcia and his Cubans will see that no reinforcements are sent to help Toral out."

"Do you know where Garcia is?"

"No, but he ought to be somewhere above here on the line of this road, and I guess we had better stay here and see what we can find out."

"Stay how long, pard?" Turner asked.

"Oh, we might spend the night here," was the reply, "as I guess it's about as good a place as anywhere else in the woods."

"All right, I'm with you, but I'd give a pesos for a drink of water."

"I'm dry myself," said Yankee Doodle, "but we'll have a rain at midnight and can set leaf cups to catch as much as we want to drink."

They sat down at the foot of a great tree some ten paces back from the roadside, with a very dense thicket growth between them and the road. They had been there perhaps a half hour when they heard sounds of horses' hoofs coming from below in the direction of Santiago de Cuba. They arose, made their way through to the thicket to the roadside and found a solitary horseman in citizen's dress coming towards them at a brisk canter.

"Pard, he is no Cuban," whispered Turner.

"No, he's a Spaniard, and I guess we'd better stop him."

"All right," and a few moments later the two stepped out into the middle of the road and ordered the stranger to halt. To their astonishment instead of halting, the man spurred his animal forward. The horse made a dash as if to run down Yankee Doodle, and the latter had to spring aside to escape being run over.

"Halt!" cried Turner, sternly, but the man laid forward on his horse's neck, as the steed bounded away like a deer. But it was impossible for one

escape a dead shot like the Rough Rider, and the keen crack of his rifle awoke the echoes of the forest.

The man tumbled off his horse, but with his left foot fastened in the stirrup, and the frightened steed dashed forward up the road, dragging the man with him.

"Suffering Moses!" exclaimed Turner; "he'll get away after all."

"Oh, he won't drag him far," said Yankee Doodle, starting off on a run in pursuit, with Turner close behind him.

To their surprise, however, the horse kept on at full speed up the road, finally disappearing in a bend a half mile beyond the spot where they first saw him. They pushed on, though, as fast as they could run, and on reaching the bend of the road, saw another turn some two or three hundred yards further on, but the horse was not in sight.

"Shoot me for an Apache, pard! I should have hamstrung the horse, too."

"That's something a Christian don't like to do," said Yankee Doodle, "for a horse is not to blame for anything done in this war."

"Very true, but don't forget, pard, that I ain't a Christian during this war," and the Rough Rider was very much disposed to kick himself over his mistake.

They pushed on, however, and at the next turn of the road found that some two or three hundred yards further on a couple of Cubans had stopped the horse, and were rifling the body of his rider.

"Look at that, pard," said Turner.

"All right, come into the thicket," said Yankee Doodle. "They haven't seen us yet."

They dodged into the thicket and pushed their way up in the direction of the two Cubans as fast as it was possible for them to do so. They arrived nearly opposite the Cubans before the latter became aware of their presence, and burst out into the road with the stern command to:

"Hold up!"

The two swarthy fellows, almost as black as negroes, rose quickly to their feet to find themselves covered by a couple of Mausers.

"We found him dead, senior!" exclaimed one of them, before a question was asked.

"That's all right, senior," said Yankee Doodle.

"What have you taken from his body?"

"Some papers and a belt," said the other, who was holding the belt behind his back.

"Hold up your hands, both of you," and the two Cubans raised their hands above their heads. They were armed only with machetes, which weapons were lying on the ground at the side of the dead Spaniard.

"Go through them, Turner," ordered Yankee Doodle, and the Rough Rider went forward and searched their pockets, finding in one a small pack-
age of papers, evidently of an official nature.

He took possession of the papers and the money

belt, which was very heavy, after which Yankee Doodle explained to the Cubans:

"He is our prize, Senior Cuban. We halted him more than half a mile back down the road, and as he refused to stop we shot him. As he fell from his horse he was dragged by the stirrup."

"Si, senior," assented one of the Cubans.

"We are American soldiers, and have reason to believe that the man was a courier from the Spanish general at Santiago, bearing dispatches to some other post up this road. I don't know whether you are for *Cuba Libre* or not."

"We belong to Garcia's army, Senior Americano."

"Very well; then we are friends, or at least ought to be, and for stopping the horse as you did you ought to be paid something."

"Si, senior, he would have got away from you."

"I hardly think so, Cubano, yet we will give you five pesos each," and with that he drew from his pocket ten pesos of Spanish coin, which he gave to the two Cubans. They took them with apparent gratitude, but there was a flash in their eyes that told of intense disgust at losing the money belt which had so unexpectedly fallen into their hands.

"Now, Cubano," said Yankee Doodle, "the American general has asked your General Garcia to watch this road and prevent reinforcements from reaching Toral in Santiago. It is necessary that we should see him, for we are sent here by General Shafter. Can you tell us where we can find General Garcia?"

"He is encamped over on the other road, Senior Americano," pointing eastward as he spoke.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Yankee Doodle. "Over on the other road, leaving this great highway to Holguin unguarded!"

"Si, senior."

"And is there no Cuban force encamped on this road at all?"

"None that I know of, senior."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed the disgusted young American. "If Shafter knew this he would get very little sleep until he is assured that a sufficient force is on the road to effectually block the way."

"Oh, well, pard," said Turner, "it isn't everyone who wears shoulder straps that knows anything about generalship."

"That may be," assented Yankee Doodle, "yet Garcia has the reputation of being a skillful soldier and he is an old man who fought bravely in the ten years' war, and here he is guarding a cow path while leaving open the great highway to Holguin where ten thousand Spanish soldiers are stationed. Cubano," and he turned to the Cuban, "you two may have that horse and the saddle and bridle to do with as you please."

"Thank you, Senior Americano."

"I would advise you," continued Yankee Doodle "to return to your camp at once and say to General Garcia that a courier from General Shafter will reach him to-morrow, and if we find you there when we arrive we will give you five more pesos."

Turner seemed a bit surprised at the promise but nothing, knowing that Yankee Doodle understood his business.

CHAPTER VII.

"GREAT SCOTT, GENERAL! HE WAS A SPANISH SPY." As soon as the two Cubans were gone, Yankee Doodle and Turner made their way back down the hill to the place where they first struck the horsemen. There, seated under a big tree, they examined the money-belt and found nearly a thousand dollars of Spanish gold, and a number of letters and dispatches addressed to the commander of the post at Holguin and two other places in the province of Santiago, sent by the Spanish commander in Shafter's tent.

Turner was well versed in Spanish, and read the patches with the greatest ease. When he had finished, Yankee Doodle said to him:

"These are important, Turner, for they urge the commander at Holguin to send reinforcements to Santiago de Cuba as speedily as possible, and I think that General Shafter should know that Toral is calling for help."

"Of course, pard," assented Turner, "and if he gets more help he'll put up a mighty nasty fight."

"So he will, even if he doesn't get it. All the same we must lose no time in getting back to our lines, so the best thing that we can do is to divide this money and let each one carry his own, and start out without losing any more time."

"Which way shall we go, pard?"

"Well, the shortest way is to go right through the Spanish lines, just as we did last night; but it will be more dangerous than if we went around by way of Garcia's camp to the left of El Caney and go in behind our right wing. If we can get through the way we came we can reach our lines by sunrise, whereas if we go around by Garcia's camp it may take us till noon or later to-morrow to make it."

"Then let's go the way we came, pard, and take our chances."

"All right, then, come ahead," and they started down the road, keeping close to the thickets on their right, so as to be able to dodge into them on the appearance of other parties. They made good time going at least four or five miles before seeing any one on the great highway. They dodged into the bushes and let a few Cubans pass by unmolested.

They had agreed to pick up no more trouble on the way unless actually compelled to do so. When night came on they were still on the road, but not very far from the city of Santiago. Presently they came to a cross road going east and west.

"I know this road," said Yankee Doodle; "it leads towards El Caney, and if we follow it we'll soon strike the little village in which lives the family of Senora Lopez."

Under the light of the stars they could push along the road at a rapid gait, without being seen by anybody at a distance of more than fifty feet, and even

then they could dodge into the bushes, where the darkness was such that nothing but a bloodhound could find them.

In due time they struck the little village and pushed on through it without stopping to call on Senora Lopez and her daughter, finally turning into the little path that led down into the valley between the two hills held by the opposing forces. Campfires were seen to the right and the left of them, but by advancing cautiously through the bushes, they passed Spanish sentinels whom they could hear calling out to each other:

"*Alerta! Alerta!*"

In a little while they had passed the Spanish lines, and were descending the valley in which they had met such a hot adventure a day or two before. It was necessary for them to make their way through a dense thicket for a couple of miles ere they began to ascend to the top of the hill held by the Americans.

It was a slow, toilsome journey, but they were fully alive to the importance of the news they were bringing back to the American commander. Slowly and steadily they ascended the wooded heights, climbing over bowlders of rock and other rough places, until both were pretty well exhausted. Just a little before dawn they reached the heights and called out to the American pickets to give them warning of their approach. They were fortunate in striking the line held by the Rough Riders. In a little while they had passed the line, and the officer of the guard was told that they had important dispatches for General Shafter.

"Shafter is ten miles away from here," said the officer, "and General Wheeler's headquarters are three miles away."

"Where is Colonel Wood's headquarters?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Close by," was the reply.

"He'll do, then. Show me where I can find him."

A man was sent to pilot the way to Colonel Wood's headquarters, who was still sound asleep in his tent.

"You must wake him up," said Yankee Doodle, "for the dispatches I have were captured yesterday afternoon, and we have traveled all night to bring them in."

The colonel was awakened by his orderly, who told him that Yankee Doodle had arrived with dispatches.

"Bring him to me at once," ordered the colonel.

Yankee Doodle went in, sat down by his side, and inside of five minutes had told his story.

"Good for you!" exclaimed the colonel. "That's the best work that has been done so far in this campaign. I will send these dispatches to General Wheeler at once, and he will see that they are delivered to General Shafter."

"Thank you, colonel; I'll go out and hunt for a soft spot somewhere and sleep for a week or two."

"You can't get a week's sleep on this line,"

laughed the colonel, "for the bullets begin to sing with the rising of the sun."

"Oh, that's all right! They are lullybys that put me to sleep quickly."

"So they will if they hit you," remarked the colonel.

"Oh, well, that's a different kind of sleep. I'm not looking for a nap of that kind."

"Wise boy," laughed the officer, "but they are found sometimes by those who are not looking for them."

"Oh, yes, accidents happen. They are a species of Spanish bed bug that disturb people's slumbers, but so far I haven't run up against any of them," and with that he retired from the colonel's tent, joined Turner, and the two went off together a little below the brow of the hill, where they laid down under a tree and were soon soundly sleeping. It was nearly noon when they awoke, as the firing had been very slack that morning all along the front.

As soon as they arose they started off in quest of a breakfast, but were overtaken by an orderly from Colonel Wood, who said that they were wanted at headquarters without a moment's delay. They turned and followed him back to Colonel Wood's tent, who told them that General Wheeler had sent word to them to tell them to report to his quarters immediately.

"Say, colonel," said Yankee Doodle, "a steam engine won't run without water in the boiler, nor can we travel without bread in our baskets. We're about as hungry as men in the army, I guess."

"Fill up your baskets then," said the colonel, "and lose as little time as possible."

They finally obtained a breakfast and then started off for General Wheeler's headquarters, which they reached after a toilsome march of a little over an hour. Yankee Doodle promptly reported to the famous warrior, who looked at him keenly from under a pair of shaggy eyebrows and asked:

"When did you capture those dispatches?"

"It was about the middle of the afternoon, yesterday, general, over on the Holguin road, some five or six miles north of the city of Santiago."

"Are you sure of that?" the general asked, looking him full in the face, with what was rather a stern expression.

"I'm quite sure of it, general."

"You must be mistaken, as it would be an impossibility for you to be at that place at that time, as you were here in this tent with me at two o'clock yesterday afternoon."

"Great Scott, general, he was a Spanish spy!"

"What!" gasped the famous cavalryman.

"He was a Spanish spy, who looks so much like me that some of my most intimate friends have been deceived by him."

The general was staggered, and, after a few minutes seemed to be speechless with astonishment. Finally he asked:

"When did you first hear of him?"

"Not until night before last, general, and I have heard of him in three different places; have had to give passwords to personal friends, by which they trap him if they run across him again."

"What is your password? I must have it!"

"It is this: On seeing me I am to be told 'I was glad to see you, senor,' and I am to reply 'me, *amigo*.' If I do not utter those three words and call me as a Spanish spy."

The general quickly took a notebook from his pocket and wrote down the words that were to be the identity of the famous Yankee Doodle, and which he replaced it in his pocket, and remarked:

"The resemblance is simply perfect in every respect, even including the voice."

"It must be, general, to impose on some whom you have met; and he is evidently having a free run in the camps."

"Yes, yes," assented the general, "but we'll make short shrift of him if we catch him."

The general then questioned him at length on incidents of his journey, finally asking him why so recklessly exposed himself to a continuous fire from a whole regiment of Spaniards, when he ascended the hill to the American lines to bring news of the massed battery.

"I did that, general," he laughed, "because I realized that it was a moment of great peril to the lines in front of that battery, and decided to take a desperate chance rather than lose several hours in making my way around the right of the line."

"It was a desperate chance, indeed," said the general, "and I look upon it as the most daring feat of the war. It was indeed, important, but one man in a thousand would have taken the chance that you did."

"Oh, I don't know about that, general; the general who was with me wanted to make the trip, but we had to draw straws to see which one should go. I won and was off in three minutes, while he remained in the thicket to keep his eyes on me until I got to the crest of the hill."

"It was a daring thing to do, and a report of it has already been cabled to the Secretary of War in Washington city, and the name of your comrade has also been given."

"I'm glad of that, general, for he's a man of doing, my age, and, I think, one of the bravest men I have ever lived. He must be a descendant of Cain, for he seems to have inherited a predisposition to kill. He can no more resist the temptation to shoot at a Spaniard than can a small boy the temptation to stone a stray cat."

The general laughed heartily at his comparison and frankly admitted that when he was a youth the temptation to stone a stray cat was an almost irresistible one to him.

When Yankee Doodle left the general's tent, he joined Turner, who was talking with one of the officers some ten or fifteen paces to the right.

" said he, as he joined him, "my double talking with General Wheeler yesterday." "ng Moses!" gasped the Rough Rider, "he rve of old Nick himself."

et he has," assented Yankee Doodle, "but atch him, we'll quiet his nerve forever." "s it all about?" the staff officer asked.

a Spanish spy was here yesterday, and isited General Wheeler's tent. He was o look like me, and did it so well that the ver suspected anything."

er and lightning!" exclaimed the staff of- aw him myself and talked with him, think- time I was talking to you. How in thun- now now that you are not the spy?"

ade Turner here can vouch for me, for we've ther."

's all right," laughed Turner.

ow are we to know him when we meet him he officer asked.

l you how," said Yankee Doodle, who imme- ve him the test words he had confided to Wheeler, cautioning him at the same time to no one else.

ght," said the officer. "I'll catch him on up against him again, for the villain had un of the camp here yesterday."

laughed Yankee Doodle, "he must have at I was out of the way. Now, Turner,"

turned to the Rough Rider, "we must pitch n him down. You know the test word, so e your way along the firing line from one end er, while I will go down the Siboney road, there all the way down to the coast looking

If you see Colonel Roosevelt give him the , and all the captains in the Rough Riders'

I will give it to General Shafter himself.

ve to be careful that the cuss don't get hold in that case he would have the laugh on us,

it manage to have me hanged instead of him- ch would be like one of your grim jokes we

aking about the other morning."

course, it would," laughed the Rough Rider, would go hard with you if you hadn't some y of proving your identity."

vo parted then and there, and the cowboy o make his way back to the firing line, while Doodle started off in the direction of the road, where he fell in with a party of soldiers e going down after supplies. They all knew had not heard of his having a double in out one of them remarked to him that he he saw him down at Siboney that morn-

must be mistaken," he replied. "I've not wn there for more than a week."

ay be mistaken, but I'm blest if I didn't think ou."

id I," said another. "I had charge of a half ack mules, and didn't take any particular no- ou, though I did remark to my front mule

that Yankee Doodle was down there, and he'd better behave himself."

"What did the mule say!" asked Yankee Doodle, laughing merrily.

"Oh, he didn't say anything, for the truth is he doesn't care a snap nor the switch of his tail for anybody. He'd as soon kick General Shafter as the blackest coon in the Tenth Cavalry; and when he wants to sing his song nothing but a thirteen-inch shell square in the neck will stop him," and with that he gave the mule a cut with his whip that caused him to send a pair of heels straight out behind quicker than a streak of forked lightning.

"You see that?" said the driver, "a good business man uses his head, but an army mule uses his heel, and a pair of them at that, and when he gives an order with his heels, if they reach you, you will obey with all the alacrity of a well-trained soldier."

CHAPTER VIII.

YANKEE DOODLE'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE ARMY MULE—THE COAT OF MUD.

THE story told by the mule driver assured Yankee Doodle that his double had been down at Siboney, and below there as far as the coast on that very morning. He inwardly prayed that it might be his good fortune to run up against him, and there was a grim determination in every nerve of his frame that when he did so, that double of his would surrender or die in his tracks. He had a good deal more to move him in his search for that particular individual than mere patriotism, for while he was eager to serve his country by catching a Spanish spy, he was still more anxious to catch the man who was jeopardizing the reputation he had won under the name of Yankee Doodle.

He made no mention to those around him that he was in search of his counterpart, but went along in a jolly frame of mind, cracking jokes with the soldiers and teamsters, and laughing as heartily as any in the party.

In due time they reached Siboney, and he went to various officers who were stationed in the vicinity to see if he could find out if the man had been seen about there since morning.

Suddenly the thought occurred to him that if he would disguise himself so as to conceal his identity and could go about inquiring for Yankee Doodle, he would be more likely to get the information he was in search of, but the facilities for getting up a disguise just then were exceedingly meager; in fact, he didn't know how he could do it, as he certainly could not procure a wig or a false mustache or beard anywhere in the camp, and the mere changing of apparel would not be effective.

He gave it a good deal of thought as he trudged along over the hill and down towards the coast, but could think of no way by which he could get up a disguise unless he could dress as a woman.

"Just the thing," he said to himself, as the thought flashed through his mind. "Hanged if I

don't look out for a woman who has an extra dress that she will part with for money." But after a little while he laughed and shook his head.

"It won't do," said he. "I might hunt around for a week and never find a native woman in these hard times who is so fortunate as to own an extra dress."

Finally he reached the coast where other troops were landing from the transports and being hurried up to the front. He walked about for upwards of an hour, looking out for the counterpart of himself, all the time ready for a meeting the moment he should see him. Suddenly he felt a slap on his shoulder, and looking round stood face to face with one of the army surgeons with whom he was well acquainted.

"Hello, doctor!" he exclaimed, "how are you getting on down here?"

"We are having a very busy time," replied the surgeon; "but what brought you back here so soon again?"

"This is the first time I've been down here, doctor, for a week."

"What's the matter with you?" the doctor asked. "I saw you this morning about nine o'clock, and you told me you were going up to the front."

"About nine o'clock was it this morning, doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, just nine o'clock, for I met you down there at the first landing, where I had an appointment at that hour."

"Well, doctor, that fellow was a Spanish spy, and I've been on his trail for two days trying to come up with him; that's what brought me down here to-day, as I heard he was seen here this morning."

The surgeon fairly whistled his astonishment, after which he said:

"I never saw a more perfect resemblance in my life, and if you two were standing up shoulder to shoulder, I don't believe I would be able to tell which was the American and which the Spaniard."

"What did he say to you, doctor?"

"Oh, he asked me after the health of the camp, and how many sick soldiers we had, and began guessing at the number of soldiers landing from the transports. He picked up a good deal of information in a very few minutes, for I thought I was talking to you, whom I knew to be all O. K."

"Well, you're not the only one, doctor, he's played the game on. He even played it on General Wheeler, who happened to have enough confidence in me to express himself quite freely when talking to me."

The doctor was angry, and the more he thought about it the hotter he got in the collar.

"See here, my boy," said he, "if you run up against him, of course you'll hold him or kill him."

"You've got that down right, doc," said Yankee Doodle, "and it will be done quickly, too!"

"Well, if you can take him alive, do me the favor to send for me, for I'd like to get at him. In fact, I'd like to buy him from you."

"Oh, that sort of business is prohibited by law, doctor," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"Oh, yes; but you know doctors frequently stiffen for the dissecting table, notwithstanding law."

"Great Scott! Doctor, you don't mean to say you want him for a subject?"

"Yes, I do. I'd tie him down to a table and dissect him alive!"

"Oh, that won't do, doctor; you're worse than a Rough Rider."

"Oh, you have no love for science," laughed the surgeon. "Science is pitiless; has no conscience, no sympathy for human suffering, and so far as that particular cuss is concerned, he couldn't get any sympathy from me."

"Well, as for that matter," replied Yankee Doodle, "he won't get any from me either, but I'm blest if I don't admire his cheek and nerve, and for that particular reason I'd like to take him alive. It may be that he'll wipe me out, and then pass himself off as the genuine article."

"Well now," said the doctor, looking serious, "he should do so what protection would we have against him?"

"Oh, I'm putting out a test word on which he won't yet be caught, I guess," and Yankee Doodle gave him in precisely the same words in which he had given it to General Wheeler.

"All right," said the doctor, "don't you make the mistake of not giving it correctly if I should run against you."

"No danger of that, doctor, for it's a serious business with me in more senses than one. I'm liable any moment to be accused of treason in communicating with the enemy and betraying military secrets to them."

"Yes, so you are. What are you going to do next?"

"Oh, I'm going back up over the hills towards the front, and keep up the search for him. I would be glad if you could post a few whom you can trust with the test word, so they can be on the lookout for him."

"All right, I will," said the doctor, after which Yankee Doodle shook hands with him and went in quest of General Shafter. He found, however, that the general had gone on board of one of the transports to issue orders in person to some of the officers, so he turned and started back up the road to Sibora in company with a lot of teamsters in charge of mule packs.

It was quite a while before he ran across anyone whom he knew personally, and in conversation with one of the teamsters he heard his name mentioned in connection with his ascent of the hill in front of the American lines three days before, where, for a distance of a quarter of a mile he had been exposed to the fire of several hundred Spaniards.

"Yes, I heard of that," said he. "It shows what poor shots the Spaniards are."

"Yes," said the teamster, "but it shows more than that. It shows the American grit of the boys, and I'd rather see him and shake hands with him

with General Shafter or Wheeler, or Sampson, or Uhler, or even the President of the United States."

"Oh, you're laying it on thick," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"Laying it on thick! Why, I'll tell you a chap I'll do that isn't afraid of old Nick himself. I don't live to be a hundred years old without hoping to see a chap who would have the nerve to do a thing of that kind. I heard somebody say that he was here this morning, and I inquired of several of the boys in the hope of getting a chance of seeing him. Did you ever see him?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I am well acquainted with him."

"What kind of a looking chap is he?"

"Oh, he's a boy of about eighteen, smooth face, of my size, and looks a good deal like any other boy."

Just then one of the Rough Riders came on down the hill and met Yankee Doodle while he was talking to the teamster, and before Yankee Doodle could get out of his way, the Rough Rider sung out:

"Hello, Yankee Doodle, what are you doing down here?"

"Oh, I've been looking at the transports."

"Great snakes!" exclaimed the teamster. "Are you Yankee Doodle?"

"Yes, that's what the boys call me."

The teamster stepped out in front of him, looked over from head to foot, and then turned to the Rough Rider, asking:

"Is he the chap that climbed the hill the other day when a whole Spanish regiment was shooting at him?"

"Yes, he's the chap," said the Rough Rider.

"Are you sure of it; do you know it?"

"Why, of course I do; I know him well."

The teamster extended his hand to Yankee Doodle and asked:

"Will you shake hands with me, comrade?"

"You bet I will, my man," and he grasped the hand of the brawny teamster and shook it warmly; a few moments he was surrounded by the other teamsters, every one of whom had to shake his hand. "See here, Johnson," Yankee Doodle sung out to the Rough Rider, "I was trying to get over the hill without getting into a scrape of this kind."

"Well, why didn't you tip me the wink?" the Rough Rider asked.

"Didn't think of it."

"Neither did I."

"Oh, I saw you this morning," said one of the teamsters, "down at the landing, but I didn't know you were."

Yankee Doodle thought it best not to post the teamsters about the Spanish spy, for fear that his presence for him might be interfered with in some way, so he went on up the rough road with them, passed through the little village of Siboney, and was half a mile up between that point and the front, when he

met a courier coming at a pretty fast speed on horseback with dispatches for General Shafter down at the beach. Just as he reached the point where Yankee Doodle was a severe wash in the road compelled him to halt his horse in order to get over it. As he did so he glanced over at Yankee Doodle, who happened to be looking at him. The look of astonishment that swept across his face attracted even the notice of several of the teamsters. He stared at him as if he was looking through him, and then blurted out:

"How in blue blazes did you get here so quick?"

"I don't know that I've been very quick about it," replied Yankee Doodle. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I saw you just as I leaped into the saddle up at the front, and have been coming at full speed ever since. Now, how in thunder did you get here ahead of me?"

"I guess you are mistaken," said Yankee Doodle. "It was somebody that looks like me."

"It may be, but I'm blest if your mother could pick out her boy if you two got mixed up together, and they told me, too, that he was Yankee Doodle."

"See here, my man," said Yankee Doodle, with startling suddenness, "I'll give you fifty dollars in good, yellow gold if you'll take me on that horse behind you and ride back at full speed and point out that fellow to me."

"I can't do it; I'd get shot if I did," said the man. "I'm carrying dispatches to General Shafter."

"See here, comrade, take one of these mules," said a teamster; "he can take you up there, fast enough."

"Not with that load, he can't," said Yankee Doodle.

"Hang the load! I'll take it off, divide it up and put it on three other mules."

"All right, my man, I'll pay you for that."

"That's all right, Yankee Doodle; I don't want any pay. I'd do you a favor if I got shot for it."

"All right, my man, if you get into trouble send for me and I'll get you out of it, even if I have to take your place and receive your punishment."

The teamster quickly relieved the mule of his pack and assisted Yankee Doodle astride of him. He had no saddle or spurs, but he thought he would be able by the aid of a stick to make that army mule do some lively work, and he did, for the first blow he struck the mule began dancing around in a circle where the mud was nearly a foot deep.

"Lam him good," cried Yankee Doodle, to the teamster, "and give him a start."

"All right, here goes," and the teamster began lamming the obstreperous son of a donkey which had the effect to cause him to stand straight up on his hind feet; Yankee Doodle slipped off over his rump and landed in the mud. His astonishment at finding himself so easily dismounted caused the teamster to roar with laughter.

"Oh, that's all right, boys," said he, "the truth is, that's the first mule I was ever on in my life. Just give me another lift, and if he wants to walk on his

stalts that way, I'll hug his neck so close that he'll have to shake his hide to shake me."

The mule was caught again and Yankee Doodle sprang upon his back, and a couple of teamsters began belaboring him with such energy as to cause him to throw out his heels like flashes of lightning; the next moment he kicked so high that Yankee Doodle went clear over his head, landing on his back in a soft bed of mud nearly a foot in depth.

The teamsters ran to his assistance, lifted him to his feet, at the same time bestowing upon the obstreperous mule a series of left handed blessings that ought to have assured him a happy life forever after.

"Will you try him again," one of the teamsters asked.

"Not on your life," he replied; "it's a combination that won't work. I've been trying to get up a disguise all the morning, in order to run into that fellow who looks like me, and now I guess I have got it, for I don't believe my own mother would know me with this one hundred and fifty pounds of mud on me."

"Oh, we can scrape the mud off," said the teamsters.

"Don't you do it; let it stay, and if you can find a spot on me where it isn't thick enough, throw on some more."

The teamsters roared with laughter, thinking he was indulging in a bit of sarcastic humor, and were really puzzled when they saw him start off up the road, holding on to his coat of mud as though he was really proud of it.

CHAPTER IX.

"I'M WILLING FOR THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN CUBA TO FALL ON ME."

SEVERAL times on the way up the hill, the teamsters offered to scrape the mud off of him, but he declined every time with thanks.

"Let it stay," he said, "and I hope 'twill stick until I am ready to have it taken off."

"You'll find it a pretty heavy load to carry, comrade, over three miles of hill. If you'll mount the mule again I'll lead him," said the teamster.

"Not on your life; that's the only mule I ever attempted to ride, and as long as I live I'll have respect enough for a mule to keep off his back."

"Let me give you a pointer right there," said the teamster. "The greatest respect you can show a mule is to keep out of reach of his heels."

"You're right, comrade," said Yankee Doodle. "Where I was born and reared mules were scarce, and wherever they are I shall make myself scarce hereafter; but at the same time this army would be in an almighty bad fix but for the army mule."

"You're getting it down fine," returned the teamster, "for he has in his make-up more hard work on less rations, and at the same time more undeveloped deviltry than any animal on four feet, including all the monkeys that have ever lived in the world since the first pair was created."

"I see you know all about the mule," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"You bet I do. I consider myself well able to be professor of muleology in any college in the world, can calculate to an ounce the exact weight of a mule kick if I can get a profile view of the blow."

"What's the heaviest weight you ever knew a mule to kick?" Yankee Doodle asked, very much amused at the teamster's quaint way of expressing himself.

"Ten tons to the square inch."

"To the square inch of what?"

"His hind foot."

"That's a pretty heavy weight," said Yankee Doodle.

"You bet it is, and if we could get the darned things so trained as to make 'em run backward against the Spanish line and manage to keep them from getting shot before they reached the intrenchment they'd kick the dirt over on them so fast it would bury every man in the trench. But the trouble is that when a mule gets hit by a bullet he gets mad, and if he isn't killed instantly he'll soon kill everybody within twenty-five feet of him."

Yankee Doodle enjoyed the teamster's talk so much that he almost forgot his search for his double. He kept along with him until he was within a mile of the end of his journey. Then he suddenly met Bill Turner, the Rough Rider, who had accompanied him on the perilous trip between the lines of both armies. He saw the Rough Rider look at him and laugh. He laughed, too, but the Rough Rider kept on without stopping, evidently not recognizing him. When he had passed some ten paces or more, Yankee Doodle called out:

"Where are you going, Bill?"

Turner wheeled around quick as a flash, stared at him, and asked:

"What's that?"

"Where are you going?"

The Rough Rider recognized the voice of Yankee Doodle. He clapped his hand on his revolver, and said:

"I am glad to see you, senior."

"Me, too, *amigo*," replied Yankee Doodle, quickly recognizing the test that had been put to him.

"Suffering Moses!" gasped the cowboy; "what a creation have you been doing to yourself?" and his look of astonishment so convulsed Yankee Doodle that he almost fell over as he roared with laughter.

"I've been getting up a disguise," he finally said, as soon as he was able to pull himself together.

"Well, you've done it, for I'm blest if I would have known you."

"Well, you see it was the only disguise I could find in this blasted country. I hunted around for several hours trying to get up a disguise, and it took a long time to show me how to do it," and he explained to the Rough Rider the whole business.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Turner, "I heard you were seen down this way and thought you might be the other fellow, and if you hadn't answered

st right, I would have slugged you quicker than
ing."

ell, he was down this way this morning, but
I went down to the bottom of the road I found
e had come back up this way, so you may as
ome along with me, and we'll keep up the hunt
n."

ll right, pard," and he turned and started back
wards the front with him.

ard," said he, as they walked along, far enough
from the teamsters to converse without being
heard, "I saw the fellow up there not two hours
out was so dead sure that it was you that I
speak to him, for I didn't know that you had
down this way."

Why, I told you when I parted with you that I
going down to Siboney."

es, but about a half hour later I met you and
ed you why you didn't go, and you said you had
ged your mind."

Good Heavens, that was the fellow!" exclaimed
ee Doodle.

suffering Moses!" gasped Turner, "so little time
passed since I had parted with you that I never
ght of applying the test. Say, old man, for the
of Heaven don't tell it on me. Say, hold on a
te," and he jumped out in front of Yankee
le and begged him to kick him.

Oh, no, pard, I know how you feel; I can't kick
enough to ease your conscience. Let me call up
hule that threw me into the mud, and one whack
him will make you happy the rest of your

Bring him along," said Turner, with an air of
me resignation, "I'm willing for the highest
tain in Cuba to fall on me."

Yankee Doodle laughed till he almost cried, and
er in his effort to join him evolved such a sickly
that it added tenfold to the hilarity of the occa-

Never mind, old man," said Yankee Doodle,
ep up your courage; faint heart never won fair
If we catch him I'll give you a chance to get
satisfaction out of him."

All right, pard, but I feel sick. I'm afraid I'm
g to have the fever."

Oh, that's only a feeling of disappointment, old
; cheer up, we'll catch him yet."

Well, if we don't and he gets away I'll dig a hole
me of these mountains, crawl into it and pull it
ter me."

due time they reached the front, where Yankee
le strolled about listening to the comments of
soldiers, who characterized him as the muddiest
they had ever seen, but not one of even his most
ate acquaintances recognized him in his disguise
uban soil.

Say, Bill," said he, turning to the Rough Rider,
s Cuban soil makes me a full blown native, eh?"

You bet it does," assented the other, "and if
will keep that coat on you I'll know the other fel-

low when I see him, and won't wait even to apply the
test, but will open fire on sight."

"Don't do anything of the kind, but make him hold
up his hands, for we want to take him alive if there
is just one chance in a thousand to do so. If you fol-
low me around you'll avoid making a mistake the
second time."

"You can bet your life I won't make it a second
time, pard."

They went all around the neighborhood where
Turner had last seen the Double, gazing in every di-
rection like men who had lost their bearings and were
trying to recover it. They failed to find him, and
went along the firing line all the way down to the ex-
treme right wing. There they turned and retraced
their steps, by which time the day was pretty well
spent. Finally Yankee Doodle called on General
Wheeler at his headquarters and made himself
known in his unique disguise.

"Why, how in the world did you become so mud-
dled up?" the General asked.

"It's the only way I could get up a disguise, gen-
eral."

"Disguise," and the grizzled old cavalryman began
to laugh.

"Why, yes," he replied. "If you see that fellow
any time this evening without any mud on him, col-
lar him and put a thousand men around him to hold
him, for it will take at least that many, I'm sure."

"All right," laughed the general. "An idea has
just occurred to me that I would send couriers out
all along the front, asking the officers to send Yankee
Doodle to me as soon as they find him, as I have im-
portant business for him."

"That's just what I came to suggest to you, gen-
eral."

Yankee Doodle left the general's quarters and re-
joined Turner, to whom he told what the general had
suggested.

"That's just the thing, pard, and I guess we'd bet-
ter stay pretty close around here and keep a good
watch out for him; for if he hears that the general
wants him he will think that some important secret
is to be intrusted to him, and he will have a chance
to take it over to the enemy."

"That's what I think, too," and so they moved
over and took up a station about fifty yards away
from the general's tent under a huge tree, whose
dense foliage would protect them somewhat from
the heavy dew.

Night came on quickly, and after the two had par-
taken of their rations, they sat down under the tree
to wait and watch. After the lapse of a couple of
hours Turner proposed to go over to where the
Rough Riders were holding their position on the
line, to find out if orders had been sent there for
Yankee Doodle to report at the general's head-
quarters.

"Go ahead," said Yankee Doodle, "but come back
as soon as you have found out about it."

Turner went away and Yankee Doodle stretched

himself out on the ground for a nap of sleep. How long he had slept he didn't know, but he was awakened by Turner, who said to him that over a dozen officers and men among the Rough Riders had asked him if he knew where Yankee Doodle was, saying that General Wheeler wanted him at his headquarters immediately.

"They hadn't seen him, then," said Yankee Doodle.

"No, but they were on the lookout to tell him of the general's request."

"Well, all we can do is to wait," said Yankee Doodle, "for we can't see much in the darkness."

But a couple of hours later the cowboy went over to the general's tent, where he met Colonel Wood of the Rough Riders, who informed him that only an hour before one of the captains of his regiment told him that he met Yankee Doodle, and gave him the general's message for him to go to headquarters at once.

Yankee Doodle had given the colonel the test, and he had given it to his captain, but it seemed that the latter had forgotten about it, as he failed to apply it.

"Lord!" groaned Turner, when he heard it; "the sucker has got away ag'in!"

He lingered around headquarters for upwards of three hours, expecting every moment to see the spy turn up, and finally he returned to where Yankee Doodle was lying under the tree in a state of most intense disappointment. He, too, laid down, and was soon sound asleep. When morning came he hastened to headquarters to find out if the spy had been arrested during the night.

He was told that nothing of the kind had taken place.

When Yankee Doodle heard that he remarked to the cowboy:

"Turner, I guess when he received the general's message he suspected that something was up and skipped out. I am going to get into the mud again to-day, so that you will know there will be only one Yankee Doodle in the camp."

"There's no need of that, pard," said Turner, "because there is nobody you want to dodge but your double, and he would hardly know you unless you got within speaking distance of him; and then you would know him as quickly as he would recognize you."

"Yes, that's so," said Yankee Doodle, "and I guess when I knock this dry mud off I'll be dirty enough anyhow."

"Well, as for that, pard," laughed the other, "the whole camp is made up of a dirty crowd, anyway, so it won't make much difference."

As soon as the two had their breakfast they began making a search all along the front from the left to the right, during which time Yankee Doodle was halted by men who wanted to apply the test to him. He good naturedly answered the questions every time, but in no place could they hear anything of the other fellow. All day long the search went on, and late in the afternoon the two decided that he had

probably returned to his own lines for the purpose of reporting such information as he had picked up.

Yankee Doodle called on General Wheeler about it, and the latter said that the request for his appearance at headquarters had probably alarmed him.

"That's what I think, too, general, but the matter on the lookout for him all along the front now can't pass from one regiment to another without having to stand the test a dozen times; but all the same, though, I intend to keep up the search for him."

"That's right," said the general.

"If he doesn't show up in a day or two, I'll go into his camp and pay him a visit."

"That's dangerous business, my boy."

"So it is, general, but I've been over there before and didn't find it a very dangerous thing."

"It is always dangerous," remarked the general, "and I never like to have a good man run the risk. At the same time it takes a good man to do that kind of work."

The day passed and the watch was kept up pretty well through the night, during which Rough Riders Turner went along the front to see if he could find any trace of Yankee Doodle's presence anywhere. When he returned he was satisfied that the spy had not shown up again. The next morning the Spanish masked battery opened fire on the American line, to which the Americans replied with great vigor.

It was soon evident that two more guns had been added to the masked battery, and all six of them had gotten the exact range of the American position. Their shells did considerable damage until General Wheeler ordered the dynamite gun into position, which, after four shots had been fired, succeeded in silencing the masked battery most effectually.

"I am satisfied that the fire of that battery intended to conceal some other movement," Yankee Doodle said to Turner, "but just where it will be made is a puzzler."

"That's what I think, too, pard," said the cowboy, "and the only way to find out is to go through between the two lines again."

CHAPTER X.

"ARE YOU A TRAITOR?"

UNDER pretense of looking for the spy, Yankee Doodle and Turner went back in the rear of the first line a distance of nearly half a mile, where they veered around to the right of the American position and began pushing their way down into the valley through which they had once passed in such deadly peril.

They were extremely cautious, more so than during their former visit, for they were compelled to keep well concealed under the bushes to avoid Spanish sharpshooters, who seemed to be in position in the trees all along the hillside.

"Pard," said Yankee Doodle to the cowboy, "we find they are not making any movement in the

rection we will get into the thicket somewhere and knock about a score of those fellows out of the trees."

"That's just what we'll do, pard."

They advanced nearly a half mile up the valley between the two lines, when they were startled by meeting an entire regiment of Spaniards creeping along through the bushes. Of course they couldn't see the front part of the regiment, but from the method of their advance they were quickly convinced that it was movement in force. There were skirmishers out in advance as well as guides, and the two had to dodge about and retreat to avoid being overtaken. Stopping to fight was utterly out of the question.

Suddenly the Rough Rider grasped Yankee Doodle by the arm and whispered:

"There he is!"

"Who?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Your double," replied the cowboy.

"I don't see him."

"Neither do I now," said Turner, "but just follow the course of my finger and I'll show where I saw him last, and he's coming right this way, too."

While Turner was pointing Yankee Doodle gave a sudden start.

"I see him," he whispered, "and the resemblance perfect."

Turner raised his rifle and was about to fire, but Yankee Doodle quickly stopped him, saying:

"Wait till we get a chance to catch him."

"Lord, pard," said Turner, "let me finish him."

"No, I want to catch him; come away before they see us," and they turned and retreated, and before they had gone fifty paces they broke into a run in order to hasten back and give the alarm to the right wing of the American position.

They were forced to make such speed that it was impossible to avoid agitating the bushes in a way that attracted the attention of the sharpshooters in the trees all along the hillsides on their left.

The result was that Mauser bullets whistled all around them continuously, and both of them had their clothes pierced and yet escaped harm.

It was a run of nearly a mile, mostly up hill, over an extremely uneven surface and often through dense thickets. Both frequently met with falls, but they dashed on again with a dogged determination to save their comrades on the right wing from being overwhelmed.

When they finally reached the pickets of the right wing, they were promptly halted with rifles leveled at them.

"We are friends!" called out Turner; "American scouts!"

Of course their appearance and language told they were not Spaniards, and the pickets allowed them to pass without even exacting the password from them.

"The enemy is coming up the hollow," said Yankee Doodle, "in heavy force. Notify your officers at once, for in less than half an hour you'll have an overwhelming crowd in your front!"

As the two were so nearly exhausted one of the

pickets ran back to carry the news ahead of them. The captain in command of the pickets doubted the truth of his statement, and wanted to know who had brought the news in. The picket informed him that it was two Americans who were so nearly exhausted that they were coming more leisurely.

Instead of sending the alarm forward along the line at once, the captain accompanied the picket back to meet Yankee Doodle and Turner, and thus many minutes of precious time were lost. When he saw them he recognized Yankee Doodle.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said he, drawing his revolver and leveling it at Yankee Doodle's breast and advancing upon him.

Yankee Doodle stood up straight, looking him in the eye as the captain advanced upon him.

"I'm glad to see you, senor," said the captain.

"Me, too, *amigo*," he replied.

"You're all right," said the captain. "What is this news you brought in?"

"The enemy is turning your right in force, and they can't be a quarter of a mile behind us now."

Without another word, the captain ran back and sent couriers at full speed along the line. He recognized when too late that he had lost ten or fifteen minutes of precious time.

"Pard," said Turner to Yankee Doodle, "I'm going to stay here and have a hand in the racket, and if I get a chance to draw a bead on that chap he will not get away alive."

"All right," assented Yankee Doodle. "I don't believe he's going to come up near enough to be seen by our line. He will get out of the way as soon as he has done his work."

"All the same, I'll look for him," said Turner.

By some strange spirit of procrastination, which seemed to be a part of Spanish character, they lost nearly one hour of precious time in reaching their point of destination. By that time a regiment had been hurried forward by General Kent, and they were in position when the first glimpse of the enemy's skirmishers was had. Then a scattering fire was delivered all along the line, but the enemy steadily advanced, thinking they had caught the Americans unprepared. The firing kept increasing in volume until it was a roar of small arms for a distance of three or four hundred yards squarely on the flank of the American position. By that time it was seen that the woods were full of Spaniards, who were evidently preparing for a rush to turn the position. Just as they were about to do so a series of wild yells in the rear of the American line were heard. They came from the Rough Riders, who were coming at a double-quick to reinforce the right.

"God help these fellows now!" exclaimed Turner, as he recognized the yells of his comrades.

Five minutes later Roosevelt appeared at the head of the Rough Riders, and was ordered into line by an officer in command. Roosevelt promptly ordered them to hold the line in front, but somehow or other, in the woods, the order was either not heard or dis-

obeyed, for they kept right on full into the face of the Spaniards.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was born and reared in the East, Roosevelt had all the impetuous spirit and daring recklessness of the most dare-devil Rough Rider in his command. When he saw that they had rushed in to mix with the enemy, he, too, dashed forward with a wild yell to lead them.

"Come on, boys!" he yelled, "now is our chance," and the next moment he was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with three stalwart Spaniards. With a wild whoop the Rough Riders waded in.

It is fair to state that instead of surprising the Americans, the Spaniards themselves were surprised. They expected to be the aggressors, and that the Americans would be thrown back on the defensive; hence they were utterly astounded when the Rough Riders jumped on them. Words utterly failed to describe the scene that followed. The Spaniards outnumbered the Rough Riders at least two to one, but in the dense wood it was utterly impossible to preserve their line or even a semblance of order, and when they found themselves mixed up with men yelling like lunatics, with revolvers in each hand, and everyone a dead shot at that, they stood it about ten minutes, and then a wild scramble to get away followed.

Not one in the woods fought with more desperate valor than Roosevelt himself, for he was everywhere in the thick of the fight. He recognized that it was useless to give orders other than to call out:

"Give it to 'em, boys; clean 'em out; blow them off the face of the earth!"

For at least a quarter of a mile the Rough Riders followed them until the Spaniards filtered away through the woods, not even stopping to fire a shot. It was then that Roosevelt undertook to rally them, and by repeatedly yelling and calling to them he succeeded in doing so. They rallied around him when he sung out:

"Boys, I'm proud of you!"

"We're proud of you, too, colonel!" they yelled back at him, and if you'd let us alone we would have gone home with them to clean out their very kitchens."

"We must obey orders, boys," said he, and at that moment orders came of a most imperative nature, calling off the pursuit.

The boys returned cheering, for it had been emphatically their own fight. The truth is they were not led at all. Even their own commandant had to simply go in with them and fight as a private.

When they returned to the line it was found that only half a dozen of the Americans had been killed and about a score wounded, while perhaps more than one hundred of the enemy were lying scattered about in the woods, dead or wounded.

General Wheeler reached the scene of the fight a little while after it was over and congratulated the boys on their splendid work.

"General," said Roosevelt, "there are no troops in

all the wide world like ours. It would have done your heart good to see them go in. Nothing could stop them. They mixed right in with the enemy and in less than ten minutes scattered them to the winds. There was no discipline or even organization, but the finest fighting you ever saw."

"They'll do that every time, colonel," remarked the general. "I'm sorry I didn't arrive in time to see it. It was a shrewd move of the enemy, and we were fortunate in averting disaster."

It did not take the general long to find out that Yankee Doodle and Rough Rider Turner had discovered the approach of the enemy and brought the news in at the risk of their lives. He hunted up the two and found them lying down under a tree, utterly exhausted from the fatigue of their almost superhuman exertions. He shook hands with both of them.

"General," said Yankee Doodle, "we found him double piloting them through the woods. We had no time to dispose of him, as we had to hasten back to report the threatened danger. We could have killed him, but the truth is I want to capture him."

"That's right, my boy; I hope you'll succeed in doing so. As it is you've spoiled his little game for the present. I thank you both in the name of the army for your splendid work;" with that the general turned away and began an inspection of the position with a view of making some changes.

"Pard," said Turner to Yankee Doodle, "I'm glad now you stopped me from slugging that fellow, as his death might have spoiled our fun."

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle, "it might have stopped the advance of the enemy entirely. I'll tell you, Turner, that if we had five thousand Rough Riders on hand we would go into Santiago within forty-eight hours, for I don't believe that all the officers, from Shafter down could call them off if they got into a fight."

"That's it, pard, they'd do it as sure as fate. What if they had let us alone the five hundred of us that were engaged in the ruction to-day would have followed those fellows back clear to their intrenchment. The truth is the Rough Riders are the only ones, except the regulars, who know anything about this bushwhacking business. The volunteers are well drilled and in an open field are equal to any soldiers in the world; but they are not up in this hand-to-hand business in the bushes like the regulars and the Rough Riders, who have seen a good deal of it fighting Indians in the West."

A couple of hours or so passed, and the two were pretty well rested from the strain to which they had been subjected, when they proceeded to go over the ground with other Rough Riders to see if they could find Yankee Doodle's Double anywhere among the dead or wounded. They made a pretty thorough search, but failed to find any traces of him. They talked, however, with a number of wounded Spaniards, who had expressed their astonishment at their defeat. Said one:

"We thought we had you at our mercy, as c

side had told our officers that your right was held by a very few men."

As the wounded Spaniard was speaking, he happened to look around and see Yankee Doodle. He gazed at him with astonishment, finally asking:

"Are you a prisoner?"

"No," replied Yankee Doodle, "I am an American."

The astonishment of the Spaniard can hardly be described, and for a couple of minutes he seemed to be speechless with amazement.

"You're a traitor!" he gasped out. "You led us to a death trap!" and with that he drew a revolver from his belt and fired at Yankee Doodle, who was not ten feet away from him. The latter sprang aside and the bullet tore through his clothes without hurting him. The Spaniard attempted to fire again when Turner kicked the weapon out of his hands. The wounded man fell back on the ground, glaring at Yankee Doodle with an expression of ferocity and hate in his face.

"He took you for the other fellow, pard," laughed Turner.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle, "but I guess it isn't worth while to explain the matter to him."

"You are a traitor!" hissed the Spaniard again.

"I beg your pardon," said Turner in Spanish. He is an American soldier well known throughout the army. He is not the one who piloted you fellows round to this place."

"You'd better not say anything about that, Turner," cautioned Yankee Doodle, interrupting the cowboy.

"All right, pard, but I don't like to hear you accused of being a traitor."

"Oh, that's all right; he doesn't accuse me of being a traitor to my flag, but to Spain, and we can't make any explanation without running a risk of letting my double find out that we have tumbled to this little game; so it is best to keep mum about it." "That's so, pard; I never thought of that," and the Rough Rider turned away to search in the bushes for more dead and wounded Spaniards, to see whether the Double was among them.

Several times Yankee Doodle was recognized by the wounded Spaniards, who gazed at him in astonishment, whilst several asked how it was that he was here with the enemy.

"I belong here," he said to one of them.

"Are you a traitor?" one asked.

"No; I hope not."

"Then you were a spy, for you led us into this trap."

"You are mistaken," was the reply. "I never led you into the trap. On the contrary, I was right in your front and in the thick of the fight. It must be that your guide was one who looked like me."

"He was the very image of you," said the Spaniard, "if you are not the one yourself."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SPY IS SHADOWED.

A DETAIL of American soldiers was made for the purpose of burying the Spanish dead and bringing in their wounded, and as the wounded were brought in Turner took note of everyone, to see if he could find Yankee Doodle's Double among them, and at last had to report that he believed the fellow had escaped alive.

"Then we'll see him again," said Yankee Doodle.

"Yes, I hope so, for it is mighty little service they'll get out of me until I find that chap."

"We couldn't render a better service than to catch him," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"Yes, that's so, because he's been walking the camp in broad daylight and talking confidentially with the men and officers, from the general down to corporals, and by that means has picked up more information than any other man whom the Spaniards could send inside of our lines."

During the afternoon the news was brought to Yankee Doodle by numbers of private soldiers that the wounded Spaniards were saying they were led into the trap by an American spy, and claimed that they had seen him in the American lines since they were brought in.

"By George, Turner," said Yankee Doodle, "if any of the Spaniards who got away from that fight happen to see me fighting with the Rough Riders, they'll make it hot for my double when they get back to the line."

"I was thinking of that, pard," laughed the cowboy, "and I've a notion of fixing myself up like a Spaniard and go inside of their lines to find out about it."

"You'd better make that trip at night," said Yankee Doodle, "as it would not be so dangerous as in the day time."

"Well, I'll try it to-night," and a little before sunset the Rough Rider took leave of Yankee Doodle and started out on his trip. When night came on he was not very far from the Spanish lines, and, under cover of darkness, succeeded in getting through their picket guard, and went about among the different camp-fires, listening to what was being said. In one place he heard the soldiers speak of the fighting qualities of the Americanos, saying that they fought like tigers in a jungle, with no order or discipline whatever, and laid their defeat at the door of the man who guided the column to the place of attack.

"It was a trap," said an old sergeant, "for they were there waiting for us, and I know of two men who will swear our guide joined in with the enemy and opened fire on us, a revolver in each hand."

"Yes," said another, "I saw him myself, and I told my captain, and he said he would see the colonel about it. He did see the colonel, for he afterwards came to me and took me to headquarters, and there I saw the fellow. I put my hand on his shoulder, looked him straight in the face, and told him I had seen him shooting down our men in that fight. All

the officers laughed, and the colonel told me that I had seen an Americano who looked like him, as he himself had seen the same man while he knew that our guide was back in the rear. All I could say was that they were so much alike I couldn't tell one from the other."

That satisfied Turner that the Spanish officers all understood the trick that was being played on the Americans. He wandered around awhile longer, until he struck a little camp-fire in front of a tent, where several officers of high rank were talking, and in their midst was Yankee Doodle's Double, who was quietly listening to what a general officer was saying to him.

The Rough Rider at once understood from what he saw that the Double was receiving instructions from the officer, for he repeatedly nodded his head as the officer spoke, which was meant to say he understood and would obey orders.

"Now, my fine fellow," said Turner to himself, "I'll see if I can keep you in sight, and when you leave this camp I'll be with you, or pretty close by, and if you get away from me I'll be in favor of giving you a medal."

A few minutes later the Double left the group of officers, and started off in the darkness, and Turner crept on in his wake. He followed him along down the line that was held by the enemy until he passed the left wing, where he disappeared in the bushes, making his way through the pickets. Of course, when they entered the bushes, Turner lost sight of him, but he crept on after him down the hill through the bushes for some distance, when he suddenly ran up against him in a little clearing. The fellow had evidently stopped to find out who it was that was following him.

"Who are you?" he asked of Turner.

"I am a soldier," he replied.

"Yes, I know; where are you going?"

"Well, I'm on the same business that you are, I guess, for I'm going out by order of General Linares to see what the enemy is doing."

"Oh, have you been sent out by the general?"

"I have been requested by the general to go into the enemy's lines and find out what reinforcements they have received. He never orders any one on such business, as you know, but he asked me to go, because I've been over twice already."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes, I was over there last week, and saw three transports of Americanos arrive and go up the hill on the Siboney road."

"Well, I saw them, too," said the Double. "Where did you enter their line?"

"Each time I went in I crept around their right wing, and got into their rear, as I find that much easier than risking a shot from their pickets."

"That's just the way I got in, for their pickets are very bad people to have anything to do with."

"Yes, and the worst of it is they are nearly all dead shots. I don't like to make the admission, but it is true that their marksmanship is much better

than ours, for I saw them last week firing sharpshooters who were six hundred yards away from a tree, and they dropped three of them in as many minutes."

"Yes, I've seen them at that work, too. They got a regiment of Rough Riders over there, and have the name of being the finest shots in the American army."

"So they are," said Turner. "I got in with them and found him to be a quiet, easy sort of fellow who divided his rations with me and told me a good many things about the section of country which I came from in America; and he spoke Spanish as he said he had lived on the borders of Mexico. The Spanish language was spoken as much as English."

"How long are you going to stay over there?"

"I don't know; it depends on circumstances. How long are you going to stay?"

"I can't say, for I am to go down where the transports land their soldiers and find out whether more are expected within the next few days. I thought General Toral means to attack before any more arrive, as General Linares asked me to locate the position of each battery, and particularly the one with the mite gun they've got."

"Oh, I've seen that dynamite gun; it's a small affair which they shift about from place to place wherever it is needed, so that you might locate it at a certain spot and a few hours later it would be a mile or two away somewhere else. Don't you think it better to keep together until we get into their rear?"

"Yes, I think it would be better for us to do so, and as for that matter we might remain together, at least keep within sight of each other, so as to be able to render any assistance that might be needed if discovered."

"I am not much afraid of being discovered," remarked the Double with a quiet chuckle, "for I have a well-known character over there who knows everybody in their camp. They call me Yankee Doodle, and I look so much like him that hundreds of Americanos have spoken to me, and called me by his name."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of that fellow," said Turner. "and I think I saw him once near General Sherman's headquarters. He is a youth not more than eighteen years of age."

"Yes, that's the fellow," said the other. "I am nearly three years older than that, but don't let me know."

The two then started on their trip, Turner keeping close behind him in order to keep him in sight.

Naturally their progress was very slow, and the darkness in the woods was very great. They were guided in their course, however, by a few camps along the crests of the two hills, so that they were enabled to creep straight on in the direction of their destination.

When they reached the right of the American position, Turner said to him:

"We are abreast now of the right of their position."

push straight on a half a mile or so, we can in and strike the Siboney road without running risk or coming in contact with their pickets; then enter the road, fall in with their supply teams are coming and going all the time between their depot and their depot of supplies down on the coast." Yes, yes; you're right. I've been all along there, that's just what I've been thinking of doing."

A couple of hours later they turned to the right, soon reached the Siboney road where, night though it was, the supply trains which were nothing but pack mules, were still coming and going over the road. They joined in with them and went down to the coast, where they arrived about daylight. There they managed to get some rations, by mixing in with the teamsters and assisting them as soldiers commonly do, and were soon on familiar terms with several of them.

Just before they reached the landing place, Turner met a teamster whom he knew. He took him aside, and said to him:

"Comrade, you're going up on the firing line. If you'll do me a favor, I'll put a five dollar gold piece in your hand just as soon as you get back."

"All right," said the teamster; "what is it?"

"I want you to run over to the Rough Riders and tell them for Yankee Doodle, and don't stop till you find him."

"When you see him tell him that Bill Turner is in here in company with the man he is looking for, and that if he will hurry on down the road, he will probably meet us on our way up, as we are going to start that way some time between this and noon. Will you do that, comrade?"

"You can just bet another five dollar gold piece I'll give you, pard," said the teamster.

"All right," said Turner, "and when you get up there do it quick."

The teamster then hurried on with his half dozen pack mules, and was soon wending his way over the road along the road that had been constructed by the engineers, whilst Turner rejoined the spy and proceeded with him down to the landing place to meet the transports.

There was a regiment of volunteers encamped along the shore, which had landed there the day before. They were waiting for the landing of their supplies and baggage before starting out over the hill to be assigned to a position somewhere along the front. Turner and the spy moved about in a quiet sort of way, looking on as though they had nothing whatever to do. They found that there was only one more transport waiting to land another regiment.

Wherever they could see a group of officers talking, they walked around in their vicinity to see if they could find out what they were talking about, and in this way managed to pick up bits of information here and there as to the coming of more reinforcements. And by Turner whispered to the spy:

"They don't seem to be expecting any reinforcements before another week has passed."

"No," said the spy, "and as near as I can judge

there are only two regiments here; this one on shore and the other one that is to land."

"Yes, two regiments landed day before yesterday, making four in all, and they probably number about eight or nine hundred men each. Let's go up by the hospital and see how many sick they've got there."

"These regiments come from the extreme northern part of the United States, and this climate here will use 'em up in a few weeks."

"Are you sure of that?" the spy asked.

"Yes, the truth is, their whole army now in Cuba came from the northern part of the United States, except those fellows they call the Rough Riders, who came mostly from the southwest, where the summers are very hot; but nearly all of them have had experience in fighting Indians and rounding up cattle, which business has insured them to camp life. So they are better able to stand service in this climate than any other regiment they've got here."

They went up the hill in the direction of the plateau, on which the hospitals for the sick and wounded had been established, talking in a quiet undertone, and when about half way up met a little group of American soldiers.

"Hello," exclaimed one of the latter, "there's Yankee Doodle," and the group of soldiers stopped and gazed at the spy as their comrade pointed him out to them.

"Hello, boys," sung out the spy, in a cheery tone of voice. "How are you getting on?"

"Oh, we are doing as well as the rest of them," answered one, and the entire party stepped forward to shake hands with him.

He quietly shook hands with each one, laughing and chatting in an off-hand way, saying that he, too, was doing very well, but had to confess that the Cuban sun sometimes made him feel very limp.

"You bet it does," replied one of the others; "we've all struck this thing at the wrong time."

"Oh, yes," laughed the spy, "but it had to be done, you know. I make it a rule, though, to break for a little patch of shade whenever I can do so without violating orders."

"Oh, you've got the advantage of us, for you can go about just where you please, while the rest of us have to go where we are ordered."

"Well, you don't blame me for that I hope. I wish you fellows could do the same thing."

"Oh, of course not, but you had a hot time of it the other day as you came up that hill in front of the line."

"I should say I did," he laughed. "It was the hottest thing I ever struck in my life, and I don't know that I would do it again if I knew I'd be paid a million dollars at the end of the trip," and with that he started on up the hill in the direction of the hospital, with the Rough Rider close by his side. He chuckled and nudged Turner, remarking as he did so:

"That fellow Yankee Doodle is very popular with the Americanos."

"I should say he was, and there isn't a man in the whole camp who wouldn't share his rations with him or the contents of his canteen, so I guess I'll stick to you so as to get a bite of something to eat or a pull at a flask of whisky."

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

THEY spent an hour walking around among the hospitals and saw them crowded with sick and wounded men, but where there was one wounded there were twenty suffering from the effects of the water and climate.

"You see I was right," remarked Turner to the spy, "when I said that the troops coming from the extreme northern part of the United States were not able to stand the heat of this climate, and here you can see for yourself, and the longer they stay the worse it will be for them. Within three or four weeks that regiment out there on the shore and the one on the transport will be decimated by half by the sun and the rains of this region."

"Yes, it looks that way," said the spy, "and I am surprised that the invasion took place at the time it did."

"So was I," assented Turner, "but it would not have been made but for the presence of Cervera's fleet in the harbor of Santiago."

"Are you sure of that?" the spy asked.

"I am not sure, but that is the impression I have received from what I have heard officers and men in this camp say."

Just then Turner saw one of the surgeons looking at the spy with such a degree of interest he suspected he had the test given by Yankee Doodle, and as the surgeon started in their direction, he turned and said:

"Let's get away from here, as I am rather afraid of that surgeon."

"All right," said the spy, turning around on his heel, and the two walked away at a rather brisk pace. They heard the surgeon call, but pretending they did not, increased their speed and managed to get away from him.

Turner was right; Yankee Doodle had given the test word to the surgeon, and the latter had moved forward for the purpose of speaking to the spy to ascertain if he was the genuine article. The Rough Rider, however, had promised Yankee Doodle to give him a chance at his double, if it was possible for him to do so, and with that object in view, he was anxious to keep him out of trouble until the two should meet.

"Which way shall we go now?" the spy asked.

"I guess we'd better get in with the mule teams and keep on with them up the road, as we would not be noticed if we kept on with the teamsters."

"That's a good idea," remarked the spy.

They wended their way along the little road that led to the hospital till they struck the main road leading up to Siboney, and through the scene of the battle at Quisimas. They soon fell in with a party of team-

sters, and toiled along through the dreadfully unseemly road for a couple of miles before the spy was recognized by any one as Yankee Doodle, but as they were only private soldiers or teamsters, the Rough Rider felt no uneasiness. But when they met officers, he advised the spy to draw his hat well down over his face to avoid recognition, as he knew that many of the American officers had been given the test word, and that Yankee Doodle himself had been halted a score of times the day before to prove his identity.

"Well," whispered the spy, "I never thought I could conceal my face when here before, and why should I do it now?"

"Because it's safest to avoid recognition as much as possible, as some of our wounded men who were captured in the fight day before yesterday, have talked the Americans that they had been led into the fight by an American spy, and they pointed out Yankee Doodle as the man."

"Indeed?" ejaculated the spy, very much surprised.

"Yes, and the American officers laughed at them, but the wounded men kept insisting that Yankee Doodle was the man, and the officers wondered where there was a man who looked like him."

The spy was silent for several minutes, and then marked:

"I'm glad you told me that, for if they suspect it might get us into trouble."

"That's what I know," said the Rough Rider, "so when you see an officer try to avoid him, and you can't do so without exciting suspicion, pull your hat well down over your eyes and manage in some way to turn your back to him. As for the private soldiers I don't think there is any danger. If you should happen to run up against the American Yankee Doodle, by no means let him see your face, he surely must understand from what the wounded prisoners have said, that in our army there is a man who looks like him."

"All right," said the spy, "if you see him let me know."

"All right, I will."

They finally reached Siboney and passed on beyond in the direction of the front. A short time after this Turner saw the teamster who had taken his message to Yankee Doodle. He had been on the lookout for him ever since they had left the hospital. He went over and tapped him on the shoulder before the teamster saw him.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and he must be just a little way up the hill back of me, coming this way."

"All right, comrade, here's your chink," and he drew from his pocket a five-dollar gold piece and stuck it into the teamster's hand.

It was fortunate the latter did not see the spy, as he would have wondered how Yankee Doodle could be there, when he knew he was a half a mile or so back in his rear. The Rough Rider talked to him, to give the spy a chance to get farther up the hill and to avoid being recognized. Then he joined him, keeping

se by his side and watching everyone he met. He knew the end would come when Yankee Doodle stood face to face with the spy, and he was resolved that if the latter got the drop on the indomitable young American, he would himself fire to save him.

By and by they reached a little plateau, through which the road ran, and there Turner caught sight of Yankee Doodle coming towards them with a party of teamsters. He laid his hand on the arm of the spy, saying:

"Let's get out of the road a bit and avoid the spy."

"Yes," replied the young Spaniard, "for it's bad enough," and he stepped out to the right a few paces from the roadside, where a number of teamsters were walking along in both directions.

Yankee Doodle was himself on the lookout, and when he saw the daring Rough Rider the latter stopped behind the spy a couple of paces and made a quick motion with his hand, by which he pointed out his double to him.

The two recognized each other on the same instant, when they were yet ten paces apart. The spy quickly pulled his hat down to his eyes to conceal his features as much as possible, at the same time keeping a strict watch on the movements of the famous young American.

His quick glance caught the expression on Yankee Doodle's face, as well as the movement that placed his right hand on the handle of his revolver. Then he knew they were to face each other then and there. Naturally the spy expected assistance from the Rough Rider, of whose identity he had not the least suspicion; hence his own hand quickly sought his weapon, whilst his eyes flashed keenly into those of his enemy.

On seeing the spy place his hand on his revolver, Yankee Doodle flashed his weapon from his belt, aimed at his breast and called out sternly:

"Hands up!"

But the Spaniard was not the man to hold up his hands and submit to a capture that would inevitably result in his death as a spy; so he, too, drew his weapon with a quickness that was absolutely astonishing, and the two fired almost on the same instant. Yankee Doodle's hat flew from his head, taking a lock of his hair with it. The spy wheeled clear round, as Yankee Doodle's bullet struck him in the left shoulder, but quick as a flash he fired again, and his bullet went through the collar of Yankee Doodle's coat, while the latter's bullet struck him full in the breast, causing him to stagger backwards into the arms of the Rough Rider, who instantly wrenched his revolver from his hand, calling out at the same time to Yankee Doodle:

"Hold up, pard, you've finished him!"

Yankee Doodle quietly replaced his revolver in his belt and walked over to the side of his double, who looked him straight in the face and said:

"You have won."

"Glad to hear it," he replied, "but it's a pity that it is at the cost of the life of a brave man."

"It is brave men who die in defense of their flag," returned the spy, as Turner lowered him to the ground, where a score of teamsters had crowded around him gazing in dumfounded amazement at seeing two Yankee Doodles present.

As the Rough Rider stood over him, the spy looked up at him with an expression in his eyes that seemed to ask something his lips would not utter. He was in doubt as to the latter's status; hence he hesitated to say anything that would betray him if he was in fact a Spanish spy like himself. Turner seemed to understand his glance and resolved to relieve his doubts by saying:

"I am an Americano, senior, the comrade of Yankee Doodle."

"Ah," said the dying man, "you played the game well."

"Thank you," replied Turner. "You played yours so well that we were forced to stack the cards on you."

"I've played the best I knew how, and have lost," said the spy, "but I am willing to die for Spain." Those were the last words he uttered, for a few moments later he gave a sudden gasp, and all was over.

"He was a brave man," said Yankee Doodle, turning to the Rough Rider.

"As game a man as ever lived or died," said the latter.

"Yes, indeed," returned Yankee Doodle, gazing at the placid features of his double as he lay on the ground. "He came near taking me with him, for he got a lock of my hair at the first shot, and cut the collar of my coat with the second one."

"Did you ever see two men more alike?" remarked a teamster.

"I never did," said another. "Every feature of his is like Yankee Doodle's. Why did you kill him?" and the teamster looked at the young American as he asked the question.

"He was a Spanish spy," exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "who has been going all through our camp, talking to officers and men, who took him for me."

"Great snakes!" ejaculated a teamster. "Did you ever see me before?"

"Not that I know of," replied Yankee Doodle.

"Then it was him I talked with for over an hour one day last week, telling him everything I knew, thinking he was the genuine Yankee Doodle."

"You're not the only one he played that trick on," said Turner, "for I talked with him, too, but last night I followed him from the headquarters of a Spanish general, claiming to be a spy like himself. We have been looking for him for four days, as he was the most dangerous man the American army had run up against. I'm glad he was killed as he was rather than he should be shot as a spy, for he was as brave a man as ever died. Say, pard," and he turned to Yankee Doodle, "we must send for the general and let him see him before we plant him."

"Yes," assented Yankee Doodle, "and we ought to mark his grave and let the Spaniards know where to find his body if they wish to do so."

An hour or two after the death of the spy the news reached the headquarters of General Wheeler that Yankee Doodle had been killed. It spread like a prairie fire along the entire front, and many expressions of sorrow were heard from men and officers alike.

It was quite natural that such a mistake should have been made, and it was nearly half a day before the mistake was rectified, which was done when Yankee Doodle himself appeared at the general's headquarters to report to him the death of the spy. Other officers meeting him promptly applied the test, thinking that he was the Double who had been slain.

When the truth became known congratulations were showered upon him, and he was thanked by the

commanding general for ridding the army of the most dangerous spy they had ever known.

They buried the unknown and marked his grave for identification. His identity remains a secret this day, for nothing was found upon his person that would throw any light upon his history, or even his name.

Even after the surrender of the Spanish army at Santiago, all efforts to ascertain who he was proved futile; but an officer of Toral's staff was led to the place where the spy was buried, who made a memorandum of the location, but studiously avoided making any statement as to the identity of the young hero. He simply remarked:

"He was a brave boy, and when his fate becomes known there will be sorrow in Spain."

Thus ends the thrilling story of Yankee Doodle Double, otherwise known as the Spanish spy.

[THE END.]

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